



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3433 07478877 3

LEDOX LIBRARY



Purchased in 1877







..

1

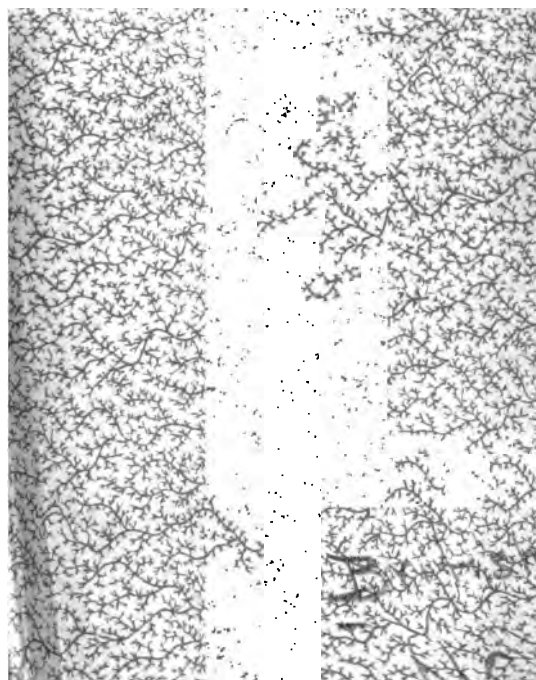


LEDOX LIBRARY



Purchased in 18...





1





11

THE
BRITISH PROSE WRITERS.

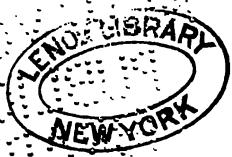
VOL. III.

COWLEY'S ESSAYS.
SHENSTONE'S ESSAYS.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE,
PICCADILLY.

1819—21.



COWLEY'S ESSAYS



Back page

J. M. 11

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY JOHN BEARNE, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

1719.



HAD Cowley written nothing but his prose, it would have stamped him a man of genius, and an improver of our language.

Campbell's Essay on English Poetry.

No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought, or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

SEVERAL DISCOURSES

BY WAY OF ESSAYS,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

In these discourses (as in every thing, indeed, which Cowley wrote in prose) we have a great deal of good embellished by a lively, but very natural expression. The sentiments flow from the heart, and generate a vein of pure and proper English.—What a force have we put on himself, when he complied with the fashion of his age, in his poetical, which he too modestly calls his best works!—But the pieces of poetry, inserted in these Essays, whether originals or translations, are, with seeming negligence of style and numbers, extremely elegant. The prevailing character of them is that of an author, a sensible reflecting melancholy. On occasions, however, this character gives way to another, not so proper to him, yet sustained with equal grace, that of forced gaiety; which breaks out, every where, in delicate sallies of wit and humour, but is more conspicuous in his imitations of Horace.—*Hurd.*

I. OF LIBERTY.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves: in whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his person and actions, as far as may consist with the

God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to inquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him as a small quit-rent in acknowledgment of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth : but the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery-up of themselves, as Thamar did with Judah ; instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous ; and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

Let us first consider the ambitious ; and those, both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what

Sallust* says, "*Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant*:" they are content to pay so great a price as their own servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst they are in the race of glory; no, not like Atalanta, for golden apples. Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would, when he is in this career:

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas. †

Pray, let us but consider a little what mean servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most of liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves, for the obtaining of a prætorship, or the consular dignity! They put on the habit of suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes, to beg voices; they flattered the poorest artisans; and carried a nomenclator with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand, and kissed the cheek, of every popular tradesman; they stood all day at every market in the public places, to show and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them, they kept open tables in every street, they distributed wine and bread and money, even to the vilest of the people. "*En Romanos rerum dominos!*" ‡ Behold

* *Fragm. ed. Maittaire*, p. 116. † *Virg. Georg. l. 514.*]

‡ *Virg. Æn. l. 282.*

the masters of the world begging from door to door. This particular humble way of greatness is now out of fashion ; but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants, to be a public bawd, to provide whores and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts, and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And, since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing) ; give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero * gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions.

“This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues ; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best ; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry : neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons ; who more

* *Orat. pro M. Cælio.*

favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes,
 sared a braver champion? who, at other times,
 older enemy to his country? who more disso-
 in his pleasures? who more patient in his toils?
 more rapacious in robbing? who more profuse
 giving? Above all things, this was remark-
 and admirable in him, the arts he had to ac-
 e the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of
 to retain it with great complaisance, to com-
 municate all things to them, to watch and serve all
 occasions of their fortune, both with his money,
 his interest, and his industry; and, if need
 , not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever
 might be useful to them, to bend and turn
 at his own nature and laveer with every wind;
 re severely with the melancholy, merrily with
 pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with
 young, desperately with the bold, and debauch-
 with the luxurious: with this variety and mul-
 titude of his nature—as he had made a collection
 friendships with all the most wicked and rest-
 of all nations; so, by the artificial simulation
 some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some
 great and eminent persons into his familiarity.
 never could so vast a design as the destruction of
 empire have been undertaken by him, if the
 variety of so many vices had not been covered
 disguised by the appearances of some excellent
 titles.”

see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul;
 so became all things to all men,” that he might
 enjoy all; who only wanted the assistance of for-
 , to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was
 like after him. And the ways of Cæsar to com-

pass the same ends (I mean till the civil war was but another manner of setting his con- fire) were not unlike these, though he used ward his unjust dominion with more mod- than I think the other would have done. therefore, who was well acquainted with the- and with many such like gentlemen of his- says,* "That it is the nature of ambition t- men liars and cheaters, to hide the truth b- breasts, and show, like jugglers, another t- their mouths, to cut all friendships and en- the measure of their own interest, and to a good countenance without the help of- will." And can there be freedom with th- petual constraint? what is it but a kind o- that forces men to say what they have no m-

I have wondered at the extravagant and- rous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the- which I find of so deformed an action; who, he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, s- son of Megabises, who had freed before his- from an ignoble servitude; slit his own nose-a- cut off his own ears, scourged and wound- whole body, that he might, under pretence of- been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be r- into Babylon (then besieged by the Persian- get into the command of it by the recomm- of so cruel a sufferance, and their hopes of- deavoured to revenge it. It is great pity the- lonians suspected not his falsehood, that they have cut off his hands too, and whipped him- again. But the design succeeded; he betrayed t-

* De Bell. Castell. c. x.

and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there, in all nations, who imitate him in some degree for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatised! But you may say, though these be the most ordinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then, that industry must be such as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent; but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we must be content that they should be our mistresses whilst we woo them; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness: we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniences. A great fortune (says Se-

neca) is a great servitude ; but many are of that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope, untruly*) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero : " We fear (says he to Atticus) death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils ; and if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in so base and contumelious a condition." This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium ; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that

* —I hope, untruly] This parenthesis does honour to the writer's sense, as well as candour. Could Cicero think death, and banishment, and poverty, the worst of evils—he, who endured all three, in their turns, for the service of his country? If Brutus brought this charge against Cicero, Brutus forgot himself. What Cicero thought on the subject we know from himself, who, in a letter to Atticus, says, " Sibi habeat [Cæsar] suam fortunam. Unam mehercule tecum apricationem in illo Lucretino tuo sole malim, quam omnia istiusmodi regna; vel potius mori melius, quam semel istiusmodi quidquam cogitare.—And again, Hoc ipsum velle miserius, esse duco, quam in crucem tolli. Unus res est ea miserior, adipisci quod ita volueris."—Ep. ad Att. vii. 11. Was not this, too, spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth?—*Hard.*

gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsic to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependence upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power:

*Amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.**

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors; and the hall and antichambers (all the out-works) possessed by the enemy: as soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he pleases all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a body of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain

* Hor. 3. Od. iv. 79.

know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all company.

Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus—•

A hundred businesses of other men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like Dorres. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is, his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done even all this is but *table d'hôte*; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites and some spies, with the most burdensome sort of guests, the endeavourers to be witty.†

But every body pays him great respect; and every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest innkeeper, who provides a public table for his profit

• Hor. 2. Sat. vi. 34.

†—the endeavourers to be witty] Justly observed, as well expressed; for true wit comes of itself, without an endeavour.—Hurd.

should be but of a mean profession ; and he, who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, because one sells, and the other gives : nay, both sell, though for different things ; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made a snare (as the Scripture * speaks) to his liberty, where can he hope for freedom ? There is always, and every where, some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door ; and, if the person be *pan hyper sebastus*, there is a hyper-superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate : as if there were such rules set to these Leviathans, as are to the sea, " Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further."†

Perditur hæc inter misero lux.‡

Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently ! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him ; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir, till the bearers were all ready. " My life," says Horace, speaking to one of these magnificos) is a

* Ps. lxxix. 22.

† Job xxxviii. 11.

‡ Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 59.

great deal more easy and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I please, without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." It is an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation and censure of others; as there may be vanity in it, so methinks there should be vexation, too, of spirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestic servants; but even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of servitude; unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are,) the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a schoolmaster to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a commonwealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness: I shake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret, but constant tyrants and torturers of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease, yet they are common too in some degree to the epidemical disease of life itself.

But the ambitious man, though he be so many

ways a slave (*o toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his spectators: he is a slave *in Saturnalibus*. The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers; *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them;"* it is only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent needy slave; he will hardly allow himself clothes and board-wages:

Unciatim vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparat miser.†

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman; not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally

* Ps. xxxix. 6.

† Phorm. Act. I. Sc. i. ver. 43.

guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own; yet, in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were *κακα θηρια* *evil wild beasts*; these are *γαστρις αργαι*, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word *αργαι* (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, “that he had learned *αληθῶς γαστρι χαρίζεσθαι*, to give his belly just thanks for all his pleasures.” This, by the calumniators of Epicurus’s philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation, in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumviri of the world; the covetous man, who is a mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony:

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus.*

* Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 83.

Not Œnomaus,* who commits himself wholly to a charioteer, that may break his neck ; but the man,

Who governs his own course with steady hand,
Who does himself with sovereign power command ;
Whom neither death nor poverty does fright,
Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
Against the truth : who can, when pleasures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock.
Who can, though honour at his gate should stay,
In all their masking clothes, send her away,
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

This, I confess, is a freeman : but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission, which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection : all I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can ; we must use our utmost endeavours, and, when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me, in what condition of life I think the most allowed, I should pitch upon that sort of people, whom king James was wont to call the happiest of our nation, the men placed in the country by their fortune above a high constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace ; in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations ; and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy

* Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

(that is, of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without business; and never to be melancholy, though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part; and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other verses upon the same subject:

" Magne Deus, quod ad has vite brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultra
Sollicitas effundo preces: si quid datur ultra,
Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo."

For the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me (great God) but bread and liberty;
I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt pleased to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EP. LVI.

" Vota tui breviter," &c.

WELL then, sir, you shall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend.
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would *be* no lord but less a lord would *have*;
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with heaven, because 'tis small:

Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
 He loves of homely littleness the ease.*
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend;
 When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
 If there be man (ye gods) I ought to hate,
 Dependence and attendance be his fate.
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
 And very much a slave, and very proud:
 Thus he, perhaps, powerful and rich may grow;
 No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow:
 But let him peace and freedom never see;
 Let him not love this life, who loves not me.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. LIII.

“ Vis fieri liber?” &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say:
 Come on; I'll show thee, friend, the certain way;
 If to no feasts abroad thou lovest to go,
 While bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
 If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
 By thine own use, and not by others eyes:

* He loves of homely littleness the ease.] One of those charming lines so frequent in Mr. Cowley, and characteristic of him) in which the *sentiment* of the writer, as well as his sense, is conveyed. The reader of taste feels the difference between this verse, and that of the original, though it be no bad one—

“ *Sordidaque in parvis otia rebus amat.*”—Hurd.

If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave compared with thee.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. LXVIII.

“ Quod te nomine ? ” &c.

THAT I do you, with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore:
That I, who lord and master, cried erewhile,
Salute you, in a new and different style,
By your own name, a scandal to you now,
Think not, that I forget myself or you:
By loss of all things, by all others sought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat is bought.
A lord and master no man wants, but he
Who o'er himself has no authority,
Who does for honours and for riches strive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,
Believe it, thou no master needst to have.

ODE UPON LIBERTY.

I.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat :
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean ;
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
The wings of those Necessity has clipp'd,
And they're in Fortune's Bridewell whipp'd
To the laborious task of bread ;
These are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition, with imperious force,
Rides, reins, and spurs them, like the unruly horse ;
And servile Avarice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough :
And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency.
And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinences round them flow :
These are the small uneasy things
Which about greatness still are found,
And rather it molest, than wound :
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings ;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings :
As when the honey does too open lie,
A thousand wasps about it fly ;
Nor will the master ev'n to share admit :
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

II.

'Tis morning ; well, I fain would yet sleep on ;
You cannot now ; you must be gone
To court, or to the noisy hall :
Besides, the rooms without are crowded all ;
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep !
Will they not suffer him to sleep ?
Make an escape ; out at the postern flee,
And get some blessed hours of liberty :
With a few friends, and a few dishes dine,
And much of mirth and moderate wine.
'To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind heaven
Has such a freedom always given !
Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
From being every day as free ?

III.

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,
When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food.
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,

Or the false forest of a well-hung room,*
 For honour and preferment, come.
 Now, blessings on you all, ye heroic race,
 Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
 Though men and angels fell.
 Of all material lives † the highest place
 To you is justly given ;
 And ways and walks the nearest heaven.
 Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
 To boast, that we look up to it.
 Even to the universal tyrant, love,
 You homage pay but once a year ;
 None so degenerate and unbirdly prove ; ‡
 As his perpetual yoke to bear.
 None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
 Whom human lordship does control ;
 Who from their birth corrupted were
 By bondage, and by man's example here.

IV.

He's no small prince, who every day
 Thus to himself can say :

*—Or the false forest of a well-hung room.] It was fashionable at that time to hang rooms with tapestry, representing some story from books of romance, the scene of which is generally laid in a wood or forest.—*Hurd*.

†—Of all material lives.] i. e. Of all living creatures that have material bodies, in contradistinction to pure spirits : not as if he thought that birds were mere machines, and that their lives or souls were material.—*Hurd*.

‡ —unbirdly prove.] A prettily-invented word, to convey that idea of degeneracy, which, in speaking of our own kind, we so commonly express by the epithet, unmanly.—*Hurd*.

" Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk,
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or, if my fancy call me away,
My man and I will presently go ride ;
(For we, before, have nothing to provide,
Nor, after, are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount."

 If thou but a short journey take,
 As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
 A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
 And many a mule, and many a cart.
 What an unwieldy man thou art !
 The Rhodian Colossus so
 A journey, too, might go.

V.

Where honour or where conscience does not bind,
 No other law shall shackle me ;
 Slave to myself I will not be,
Nor shall my future actions be confined
 By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand
 For days, that yet belong to fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,
 Before it falls into his hand :
 The bondman of the cloister so,
All that he does receive, does always owe ;
And still, as time comes in, it goes away
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.

Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell.*
Which his hours' work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.

VI.

If life should a well-order'd poem be
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight)
The more heroic strain let others take,
Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and
free.

It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
In the same tune it shall not always chime;
Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence,
Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of
the sense;†

* —pupil to a bell.] A great man (lord Bacon, I think) somewhere says, that there are certain humorous and self-pleasing minds, that go near to think their very garters shackles. One can hardly help applying this observation to our amiable author, when he makes this pupillage to a bell, so dreadful a restraint on human liberty.—*Hurd*.

† —Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of the sense.] i. e. So as not to offend against the sweetness of the sound, though every verse does not chime to the same tune; nor against the greatness of the sense, though expressed in numbers loose and free.—*Anon*.

I dare say the author meant to be as good as his word, in giving this perfection to his Pindaric poetry. But, in fact, his judgment and his ear had been so corrupted by the bad models of his time, that, where his sense is greatest, he

- Nor shall it never from one subject start,
 Nor seek transitions to depart,
 Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
 Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
 As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
 When the wide air's a road for it.
 So the imperial eagle does not stay
 Till the whole carcase he devour,
 That's fallen into its power:
 As if his generous hunger understood
 That he can never want plenty of food,
 He only sucks the tasteful blood;
 And to fresh game flies cheerfully away:
 To kites and meener birds he leaves the mang
 prey.

II. OF SOLITUDE.

- “NUNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus,” is n
 become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and
 most every boy, for these seventeen hundred yea
 has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spol
 by the excellent Scipio, who was without quest
 a most eloquent and witty person, as well as
 most wise, most worthy, most happy, and
 greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, i
 this, that he found more satisfaction to his mi

too often disfigures it, not only by conceits, but by n
 bers so very loose, as to be held together by none of th
 chains

“which tie
 The hidden soul of harmony.”—Hurd.

and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and, to show that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house in the middle of a wood near Linternum,* passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, "That now, (says he) the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, 'Poor Scipio understood not how to live.'" What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learned by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by monsieur de Montagne, "that ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; there is nothing does so much hate to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side; but it delights above all things in a train behind, aye, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that, if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the

* Seneca, Epist. lxxxvi.

world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burdensome to them. "Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens," they would live and die with her alone.

"Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis,
Qua nulla humano fit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis." *

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has press'd.
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together : this is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour : †

"Odi, et amo : quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
Nescio ; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior."

I hate, and yet I love thee too.
How can that be ? I know not how ;
Only that so it is I know !
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

* *Tibull.* xiii. 9.

† *De Amore Suo*, lxxxiii.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone ; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding ; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity ; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company ; but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us, when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts ; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself ? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking ; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice ; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a god from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to *starve, without them* ; but if once we be thoroughly

engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

*"O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis !"**

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise !

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private : if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company ; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, "that a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life ; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is work only for the learned ; others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from letters. I know they are not ; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned, as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provision

* *"O vita, misero longa, felici brevis !"*

P. SYRUS.

for life,) it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time: either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and, if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

“ — O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?”*

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian under-wood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect;
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

* Virg. Georg. ii. 489.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying;
 Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,
 On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
 Who loves not his own company!
 He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human kind!
 Which blest remain'd, till man did find
 Ev'n his own helper's company.
 As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

Tho' God himself, through countless ages, thee
 His sole companion chose to be;
 Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
 Before the branchy head of number's tree
 Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (tho' men think thee an unactive part,)
 Dost break and tame the unruly heart,

• Thou (tho' men think thee an unactive part.) T

Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move, well managed by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
 Dost, like a burning-glass, unite;
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
 The monster London* laugh at me,†
 I should at thee to, foolish city,
 If it were fit to laugh at misery;
 But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools, that crowd thee so,

poet, in this and the following stanza, would deliver an unwelcome truth, and therefore he delivers it indirectly, in the way of allusion, That solitude contributes more to form the human mind, and to bring out the latent energies of true genius, than society.—The present rage for figuring in the world, without staying to pass through the wholesome discipline of retirement, is the proper and immediate cause why ability of every kind is so rare among us.—*Hurd*.

* The monster London.] But why a *monster*? Unless perhaps, our poet conceived of this great city, as a certain philosopher of his acquaintance did, who had the incivility to pronounce of it—"London has a great belly, but no palate."—*Hobbes, Hist. of the Civil Wars*, p. 169.—*Hurd*.

† laugh at me.] Because he had taught, that solitude begets the noble fires of wit; whereas, the doctrine of London, as of every great city, is, that solitude begets nothing but *stupidity*.

Ev'n thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Ialington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost.

III. OF OBSCURITY.

"*NAM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
 Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.*"*

God made not pleasures only for the rich;
 Nor have those men without their share too lived,
 Who both in life and death the world deceived.

This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the world?); whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world; and in another place uses the same phrase,†

"—*secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.*"

The secret tracks of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English words will hardly bear up to that sense; and therefore Mr. Broome translates it very well—

Or from a life, led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived; as

* Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 9. † Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.

we may say well enough out of the same author,*

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive
The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says,† “*Vitam fallere*,” to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, “*Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*,” he has lived well, who has lain well hidden; which if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

A veil of thicken'd air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd.‡

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tankerwoman say, as he passed, “This is that Demosthenes,” is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an

* 2 Sat. vii. 114.

† Declam. de Apib.

‡ Virg. Æn. i. 415.

orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing

through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue : not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides ; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives : what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us.* Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body ; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences

*—come back to inform us.] He means, to inform us, whether posthumous fame contributes to make men happier in another life. He knew that honesty would turn to account there ; but doubted whether the glory reflected from it on a good man's memory, would be any ingredient in his future happiness. This doctrine, he calls a philosophy merely notional and conjectural ; not the doctrine of a future state, which no man believed with more assurance.—*Hurd.*

of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "muta persona," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

" Stet quicumque volet potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico;
 Me dulcis saturet quies.
 Obscuro positus loco,
 Leni perfruar otio.
 Nullis nota Quiritibus
 Ætas per tacitum fluat.
 Sic cum transierint mei
 Nullo cum strepitu dies,
 Plebeius moriar senex.
 Illi mors gravis incubat,
 Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
 Ignotus moritur sibi."

Upon the slippery tops of human state,
 The gilded pinnacles of fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and, for a while
 The giddy danger to beguile,
 With joy, and with disdain, look down on all,
 Till their heads turn, and down they fall.
 Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near
 That I no fall to earth may fear,
 And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
 From the long ruins of the great.*

* From the long ruins of the great.] A wonderfully fine

Here, wrapp'd in the arms of Quiet let me lie;
 Quiet, companion of obscurity.
 Here let my life with as much silence slide,
 As time, that measures it, does glide.
 Nor let the breath of infamy or fame,
 From town to town echo about my name.
 Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
 With scutcheon or with elegy.
 An old plebeian let me die;
 Alas, all then are such as well as I.
 To him, alas, to him, I fear,
 The face of death will terrible appear;
 Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride,
 By being known to all the world beside,
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
 Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

IV. OF AGRICULTURE.

THE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman: and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him just as he did

line, of which there is no trace in the original. It may be taken in two senses, and was probably intended to express them both: namely, the oppressive nature of greatness while it stands, and the extensive mischiefs which attend its fall. For one of the patrician trees (to speak in the language of the author) not only chills the neighbouring plants by its outstretched umbrage, so long as it continues in a flourishing state; but, when time, or some tempest of fortune, overturns it, involves the plebeian underwood, to a great distance, in its ruin —

—“*ingentem traxere ruinam.*”—Hurd.

with Solomon ; because he prayed for wisdom i the first place, he added all things else, which wer subordinately to be desired. He made him one o the best philosophers, and best husbandmen ; and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, th best poet : he made him, besides all this, a ric man, and a man who desired to be no richer—

“ O fortunatus nimium, et bona qui sua novit !”

To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city to be a philosopher, from the world ; or rather, retreat from the world, as it is man's, into th world, as it is God's.

But, since nature denies to most men the ca pacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a ver few the opportunities or possibility of applyin themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixtur of human affairs that we can make, are the employ ments of a country life. It is, as Columella * call it, “ Res sine dubitatione proxima, et quasi cou sanguinea sapientiæ,” the nearest neighbour, or re ther next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says the principles of it are the same which Enniu made to be the principles of all nature ; earth, water air, and the sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy, than any one profession art, or science, in the world besides : and therefor Cicero says, † the pleasures of a husbandma “ mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur acci dere,” come very nigh to those of a philosophe There is no other sort of life that affords so man branches of praise to a panegyrist : the utility o'

* Lib. I. c. i.

† De Senectute.

to a man's self ; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind ; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great now in our nation, as arises from merchandise and the trading of the city, from whence many of the best estates and chief honours of the kingdom are derived : we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators ; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that, when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground, the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant : whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters in it, by a moderate stock ; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandising in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity ; for a little ground will without question

COWLEY'S ESSAYS.

a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art and industry, or contemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

As for the necessity of this art, it is evident enough; since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved; the others like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this so elegantly, I confess; but still they live: and most all the other arts, which are here practised are beholden to this for most of their materials. The innocence of this life is the next thing which I commend it; and if husbandmen prenot that, they are much to blame, for no man so free from the temptations of iniquity. They by what they can get by industry from the mother; and others, upon an estate given them their brethren. They live, like sheep at the allowances of nature; and others, and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine, I may affirm (without any great hope, I may affirm (without any great) that sheep and kine are very woful, without dispute, of all men are, without dispute, of all men and least apt to be inflamed to the commonwealth: their manners, and interest binds them, and interest binds them *our late mad and miserable*

trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done : but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years' ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature ; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy : we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty ; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice : our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife ; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty ; there guilty and expensive luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman ; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence ; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding : to see all his

fields and gardens covered with the beauties of his own industry ; and to see, lil that all his works are good :

“ —Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; ip
Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus, ’

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike

The antiquity of his art is certainly not tested by any other. The first three men world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and zier ; and if any man object that the second was a murderer, I desire he would consid as soon as he was so, he quitted our pro and turned builder. It is for this reason, I s that Ecclesiasticus† forbids us to hate husl “ Because,” said he, “ the Most High has it.” We are all born to this art, and taught ture to nourish our bodies by the same eart which they were made, and to which the return, and pay at last for their sustenance

Behold the original and primitive nobill those great persons, who are too proud only to till the ground, but almost to trea We may talk what we please of lilies, rampant, and spread eagles, in fields d’o gent ; but if heraldry were guided by plough in a field arable would be the and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fi wonder and complaint of Columella, he come to pass that all arts or scienc dispute which is an art, and which

* Virg. *Æn.* l. 504, &c.

† Chap

does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen) metaphysic, physic, morality, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties, (except only metaphysic, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no;) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities, should all have public schools and masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mummerly and madness; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now of good-breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children as soon as they are able to walk? But did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it)

COWLEY'S ESSAYS:

college in each university were erected, appropriated to this study, as well as there are fine and the civil law: there would be no making a body of scholars and fellows; it would be, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, they call him there) to teach these four parts of it: first, aration, and all things relating to it; secondly, pasturage; thirdly, gardens, orchards, vineyards, and woods; fourthly, all parts of rural economy, which would contain the government of bees, swine, poultry, decoys, ponds, &c. and that which Varro calls *villaticas pastiones*, together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as pleasures, but as part of house-keeping); and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry. The business of these professors should not be commonly practised in other arts, only of Georgics, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method of this study, which might be run through with diligence in a year or two; and with succession of scholars, upon a model for their diet, lodging, and learning, sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the professors, who should be chosen for the ostentation of criticism for solid and experimental knowledge; such men, so instructed, they teach; such men, so instructed,

spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib* to be, if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.

“ Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Musas
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.”†

The Muses still love their own native place:
’T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow;
In vain the thankless glebe we plough and sow:
Against the unnatural soil in vain we strive;
’Tis not a ground in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of satire, which grow most naturally in the worst earth; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty

*—Mr. Hartlib.] A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Mede and Milton. The former of these great men addressed some letters to him, and the latter, his *Tractate on Education*.—*Hurd*.

† Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35.

of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the great world,

— pariter vitisque jocisque
Altius humanis exseruere caput,*

into the innocent happiness of a retired life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much in their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first second poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry: "he has contributed," says Columella, "not a little to our profession;" I suppose he means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is very important: his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his style. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle. Πλεον ημισυ παντος, the half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is that his brother Persus had, by corrupting some great men (βασιλευς δωροφαγους; great bribe-eaters he calls them,) gotten from him the half of his estate. "It is no matter (says he;) they have not done me much prejudice as they imagine:

Νηπιοι, ουδ' ισασιν οσφ πλεον ημισυ παντος,
Ουδ' οσον εν μαλαχη τε και ασφοδελη μεγ' ονειαρ,
Κρυφαντες γαρ εχουσι θεοι βιον ανθρωποισι.

* Ovid. Fast. i. 300.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal'd,
 By a strong light which must their sense control,
 That half a great estate's more than the whole:
 Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
 Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars and adventures of their ancestors: his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his good-will a little. For, though he could do us no honour in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles,) because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see he did not contemn the peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, *διον ὑφ' ὀφθαλμοῦ*, the divine one-eyed: he could have done no more for Melampus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for wrote nothing but pastorals) gave the same title to an husbandman,

—*ἀμειβετο διος ἀγρωτῆς*. *

divine husbandman replied to Hercules, who

* *Idyll. xxv. ver. 51.*

COWLEY'S ESSAYS.

as but his, himself. These were civil Greeks,
 ad who understood the dignity of our calling!
 Among the Romans we have, in the first place, our
 truly divine Virgil, who though, by the favour of
 Mæcenas and Augustus, he might have been one of
 the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ
 much of his time in the exercise, and much of his
 immortal wit in the praise and instructions, of a
 rustic life; who, though he had written before
 whole books of pastorals and georgics, could not
 abstain in his great and imperial poem from de-
 scribing Evander, one of his best princes, as living
 just after the homely manner of an ordinary coun-
 tryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and
 lays him but upon a bear's skin; the birds under the
 eaves of his window call him up in the morning;
 and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along
 with him for his guard: at last, when he brings
 Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say
 memorable compliment, greater than ever yet
 spoken at the Escorial, the Louvre, or our V
 hall:

Alcides sublit, hæc (inquit) limina victor
 Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: et te quoque
 Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This humble roof, this rustic court, (said
 Received Alcides, crowned with victory:
 Scorn not, great guest, the steps where
 But contemn wealth, and imitate a God)

The next man, whom we are
 * Virg. Æn. viii

both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenas to persuade him to come and live domestically and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, (for he says, "ut nos in epistolis scribendis adjuvet,") could not be tempted to forsake his Sabine or Tiburtine manor for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world; that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and good-nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must be obliged to translate half his works: of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer,

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.**

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil

upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters; especially, that should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind,) and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

TRANSLATION OUT OF VIRGIL.

Georg. Lib. II. 458.

Oh happy (if his happiness he knows)
 The country swain, on whom kind heaven bestow
 At home all riches, that wise nature needs;
 Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds!
 'Tis true, no morning tide of clients comes,
 And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
 Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
 In tapestry wrought, or cut in living brass;
 Nor is his wool superfluously dyed
 With the dear poison of Assyrian pride:
 Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil *
 The native use, and sweetness of his oil.
 Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
 Free from the alarms of fear, and storms of strife

* Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil.] Not to tell Mr. Cowley for a worse versifier than he really was, we should reflect that many words had a different accent in his time, from what they have in ours; and, in particular, that the word *perfume* had its accent on the first syllable, and not as we now pronounce it, *perfume*, on the last.—HUR

Does with substantial blessedness abound,
 And the soft wings of peace cover him round :*
 Through artless grots the murmuring waters glide ;
 Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
 From whence the birds salute him ; and his ground
 With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound ;
 And all the rivers, and the forests nigh,
 Both food, and game, and exercise supply,
 Here a well harden'd active youth we see,
 Taught the great art of cheerful poverty.
 Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
 Some streaks of love, both human and divine ;
 From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
 Still her last foot-steps upon Earth appear.
 'Tis true, the first desire, which does control
 All the inferior wheels that move my soul,
 Is, that the Muse me her high-priest would make,
 Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,
 And open there to my mind's purged eye
 Those wonders, which to sense the gods deny :
 How in the moon such change of shapes is found,
 The moon, the changing world's eternal bound.
 What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
 Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease ;
 What makes the sea retreat, and what advance ;
 " Varieties too regular for chance."*

* And the soft wings of peace cover him round.] Dryden himself could not have expressed this idea better, or more musically.—They that have *purged ears*, will know, without being told, that the Trochee, in the fourth place, though against rule, has, on this occasion, a better effect than the Iambus would have had.—*Hurd*.

† Varieties too regular for chance.] Judiciously added, to correct the æsthetic principles of his original.—*Hurd*.

What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
 And stops the lazy waggon of the night.
 But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
 To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high;
 In the next place, let woods and rivers be
 My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.
 In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid;
 Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he,
 Who can through gross effects their causes see:
 Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go
 Through all the alarms of death and hell below.*
 Happy! but, next such conquerors, happy they,
 Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.
 They unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat
 Behold the rods and sceptres of the great,
 The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
 And the descent of foreign troops they hear.
 Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
 With all the lustre of her perishing pride.

*—hell below.] Hell, for the grave, in which sense the word is generally used by the translators of the Old Testament. He would say, That death and the grave, inevitable things, as he calls them, have no terrors for the good man, for him,

"—who does his walk of virtue go—"

such a man, having nothing to fear from death, if it be a state of insensibility, and much to hope, if it be the passage only to a future existence. So sagely has our Christian poet corrected the libertinism of his Pagan and Epicurean original, who thought nothing of opposing the walk of virtue, to his—

—"metus omnes, strepitumque Acherontis avari."—*Hurd.*

Them never yet did strife or avarice draw
 Into the noisy markets of the law,
 'The camps of gowned war ; nor do they live
 By rules of forms, that many madmen give.
 Duty for nature's bounty they repay,
 And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plough the faithless main,
 Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain.
 Some swell up their slight sails with popular fame,
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name.*
 Some their vain wealth to earth again commit ;
 With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit.
 Country and friends are by some wretches sold,
 To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold ;
 No price too high for profit can be shown ;
 Not brother's blood, nor hazards of their own.
 Around the world in search of it they roam,
 It makes ev'n their antipodes their home.
 Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,
 In mutual duties striving with his ground,
 And half the year he care of that does take,
 That half the year grateful returns does make.
 Each fertile month does some new gifts present,
 And with new work his industry content.
 This the young lamb, that the soft fleece doth
 yield ;
 This loads with hay, and that with corn the field ;
 All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride :
 And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,

* Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name.]

“ Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name.”

Pope, Essay on Man, lv. 282.

The powerful princely purple of the vine,
 Twice dyed with the redoubled sun, does shine.
 In the evening to a fair ensuing day,
 With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play ;
 And loaded kine about his cottage stand,
 Inviting with known sound the milker's hand :
 And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's
 kisses.

When any rural holydays invite
 His genius forth to innocent delight,
 On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
 He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine ;
 'The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
 Not to the loss of reason, or of strength :
 'To active games and manly sport, at length,
 'Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see
 Who can the best at better trials be.
 From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose ;
 Such was the life the prudent Sabines chose :
 Such, Remus and the god, his brother, led ;
 From such firm footing Rome grew the world's head.
 Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden days :

* —world's head.] After this line, in the original, is inserted the following—

“ Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces”—

omitted by the translator, either as not seeing the force and propriety of it, or as not conceiving how this addition to the world's head could be made to look considerable in the eyes of the common reader.—Hurd.

before men, born of earth, and buried there,
 Let in the sea their mortal fate to share :
 before new ways of perishing were sought,
 before unskilful death on anvils wrought :
 before those beasts, which human life sustain,
 by men, unless to the gods' use, were slain.

HOR. EPOD. ODE II.

HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods allow
 With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !
 Like the first golden mortals happy, he,
 From business and the cares of money free !
 No human storms break off at land his sleep ;
 No loud alarms of nature on the deep :
 From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
 Nor does the affronts of palaces endure ;
 Sometimes, the beauteous marriageable vine
 He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join ;
 Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
 And grafts new life into the fruitful wound ;
 Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.
 He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
 Whilst neighbouring hills low back to them again ;
 And when the season, rich as well as gay,
 All her autumnal bounty does display,
 How is he pleased the increasing use to see
 Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree !
 Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
 He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.

With how much joy does he, beneath some shade,
By aged trees' reverend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh green recline,
His head uncharged with fear or with design.
By him a river constantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various strains,
And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of sleep;
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the gate.

Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny.
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar:
Here flies the hawk to assault, and there the net,
To intercept the travailing fowl, is set;
And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
In innocent wars,* on beasts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee;
And if a chaste and clean, though homely, wife
Be added to the blessings of this life,
Such as the ancient sun-burnt Sabines were,
Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her children and the house her care,
And joyfully the work of life does share,
Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
To pin the sheep-fold or to milch the kine;
Who waits at door against her husband come
From rural duties, late and wearied home,

* *innocent wars.*] Innocent, he means, in comparison
with wars on his own kind.

Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
 A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face ;
 And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
 And with domestic plenty loads the board ;
 Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,
 Dress'd by the wanton hand of luxury,
 Nor ortolans nor godwits, nor the rest
 Of costly names that glorify a feast,
 Are at the princely tables better cheer,
 Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Paraphrase upon Horace, Book II. Sat. vi.

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
 Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,
 His ancient and hereditary house,
 There dwelt a good substantial country mouse ;
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
 Yet one who once did nobly entertain
 A city mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
 A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
 Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
 And arrived early, and belighted there,*
 For a day's lodging : the good hearty host,
 (The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
 Did all the stores produce, that might excite,
 With various tastes, the courtier's appetite.

* —belighted there.] A humorously formed word, in allusion to benighted ; to be overtaken by light, being to a mouse, whose journey of course is performed in the dark, what the being overtaken by night is to a man, who travels by day.—Hurd.

Fitches and beans, peason, and oats, and wheat,
And a large chestnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would eat.
And, for a *haut goût*, there was mix'd with these
The swerd of bacon, and the coat of cheese :
The precious reliques, which at harvest, he
Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
" Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare ;
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care."
And thus at ease, on beds of straw they lay,
And to their genius sacrificed the day :
Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)
Despised this country feast ; and still his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
" Your bounty and civility, (said he)
Which I'm surprised in these rude parts to see,
Shews that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why should a soul, so virtuous and so great,
Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat ?
Let savage beasts lodge in a country den ;
You should see towns, and manners know, and men ;
And taste the generous luxury of the court,
Where all the mice of quality resort ;
Where thousand beauteous shes about you move,
And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.
We all, ere long, must render up our breath ;
No cave or hole can shelter us from death.
" Since life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy sir, come with me, and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make."
Alas, what virtue hath sufficient arms
To oppose bright honour, and soft pleasure's charms ?

What wisdom can their magic force repel ?
 It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.
 It was the time, when witty poets tell,
 " That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell :
 She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
 And drew the modest curtains of the night."
 Plainly the truth to tell, the sun was set,
 When to the town our wearied travellers get,*
 To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
 Made for the use of pride and luxury,
 They come ; the gentle courtier at the door
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
 " But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,
 I'm sworn to obedience ;" and so in they go.
 Behind a hanging in a spacious room,
 (The richest work of Mortlacke's noble loom)
 They wait awhile their wearied limbs to rest,
 Till silence should invite them to their feast.
 " About the hour that Cynthia's silver light †
 Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night ;"

*—our wearied travellers get.] He forgot his own idea of a mouse's journey, by night: nay, he forgot that such, too, was his author's idea,

— " *urbis aventes*

" *Mœnia nocturni surrepère*—"—*Hurd*.

† About the hour that Cynthia's silver light.] These two lines on midnight, and the three, above, on sun-setting, are a fine ridicule on the prevailing taste of poetry at that time, as appears from the introduction,

"—as witty poets tell—"

and therefore, unluckily, on his own taste, when he wrote (as he often did, and as the best poets are apt to do) for present fame and reputation.—*Hurd*.

At last, the various supper being done,
It happen'd that the company was gone ,
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.
Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find,
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.
The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties are bless'd ;
The industrious peasant every where does range,
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
Lo ! in the midst of a well-freighted pie,
They both at last glutted and wanton lie.
When, see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait !
With hideous noise, down the rude servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into the room ;
The wretched glutons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulness which retards their flight.
Our trembling peasant wishes now in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he cursed !
" This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst.
Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood :
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food."

*Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the First Book
of Horace.*

HORACE TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HEALTH, from the lover of the country, me,
Health, to the lover of the city, thee ;
A difference in our souls, this only proves ;
In all things else, we agree like married doves.
But the warm nest and crowded dove-house thou
Dost like ; I loosely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the shining day
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play ;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with heaven admire,
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a house for happiness erect, -
Nature alone should be the architect ;
She'd build it more convenient than great,
And doubtless in the country choose her seat.
Is there a place doth better helps supply,
Against the wounds of winter's cruelty ?
Is there an air that gentlier does assuage
The mad celestial dog's, or lion's rage ?
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear ?
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
Than that which nature strains into a spring ?
Can all your tapestries, or your pictures, show
More beauties than in herbs and flowers do grow ?

Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces,
 And in your towns that prospect gives delight,
 Which opens round the country to our sight.
 Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
 Return at last ; and their wild luxury
 Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
 Which nature did to mankind recommend.
 The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,
 Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,
 Is not, at length, more certain to be made
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
 Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy
 The painted goods of pride and vanity.
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
 Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose.
 For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
 With trifles, too, unwillingly we part.*
 An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
 More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
 To kings, or to the favourites of kings.†
 The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,
 Did with the horse in common pasture dwell ;
 And when they fought, the field it always war
 Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,

* [For, when we place, &c.]—He gives the s
 Horace,

“ —si quid mirabere, pones

“ Invitus —”

but in a turn of phrase and verse more true
 though somewhat paraphrastical, not less elegant

† Pope, Essay on Man, iv. 205.

And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain :
But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
To avoid that weight, a greater burden bear ;
That they might power above their equals have,
To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
For gold, their liberty exchanged we see,
That fairest flower, which crowns humanity.*
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, happiness to prize,
That's laid up in a little, for the wise :
That is the best and easiest estate,
Which to a man sits close, but not too strait.
'Tis like a shoe ; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow ; and too large, it overturps.
My dearest friend, stop thy desires at last,
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast.
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us, if we our wealth obey ;
The horse doth with the horseman run away.

* That fairest flower, which crowns humanity.]—The poet, as usual, expresses his own feeling : but he does more, he expresses it very classically. The allusion is to the ancient custom of wearing wreaths or garlands of flowers, on any occasion of joy and festivity. Of these flowers (taken in the sense of pleasures, of which they were the emblems) the fairest, says he, that crowns the happy man, is liberty.—*Hurd*.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

BLESS'D be the man (and bless'd he is) whom e'er
 (Placed far out of the roads of hope or fear)
 A little field, and little garden, feeds :
 The field gives all that frugal nature needs ;
 The wealthy garden liberally bestows
 All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
 The specious inconveniences, that wait
 Upon a life of business, and of state,
 He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
 By fools desired, by wicked men possess'd.
 Thus, thus (and this deserved great Virgil's praise)
 The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days ;
 Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent :
 The ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
 To offer him a crown, with wonder found
 The reverend gardener howing of his ground :
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
 From his loved cottage, to a throne he went ;
 And oft he stopp'd in his triumphant way,
 And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
 Not without sighs, " Alas, I there forsake
 A happier kingdom than I go to take !"
 Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
 But the gods knew and therefore loved him then)*

* —loved him then.]—Emphatically, then; i. e. when unknown to men: for here lay the wonder (to which the poet, by his following story, would reconcile us), that an obscure man should be the favourite of heaven, or, in the eye of true wisdom, deserve to be reputed happy.—Hurd.

Thus lived obscurely then without a name,
 Aglaüs, now consigned to eternal fame.
 For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
 Presumed, at wise Apollo's Delphic seat
 Presumed, to ask, "Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
 Seest thou a man that happier is than I?"
 The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, replied,
 "Aglaüs happier is." But Gyges cried,
 In a proud rage, "Who can that Aglaüs be?
 We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he."
 And true it was, through the whole earth around
 No king of such a name was to be found.
 "Is some old hero of that name alive,
 Who his high race does from the gods derive?
 Is it some mighty general, that has done
 Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
 Is it some man of endless wealth," said he?
 "None, none of these." "Who can this Aglaüs be?"
 After long search and vain inquiries pass'd,
 In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
 (The Arcadian life has always shady* been)
 Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)-
 This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
 Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
 This mighty Aglaüs, was labouring found,
 With his own hands, in his own little ground.
 So, gracious God,† (if it may lawful be
 Among those foolish gods to mention thee)

* —always shady.]—A well chosen word, implying, at once, repose and obscurity.—*Hurd*.

† So, gracious God, &c.]—These concluding eight lines are written in the author's best manner, which is (as I have several times observed), when he expresses his own feeling, along with his ideas.—*Hurd*.

So let me act, on such a private stage,
 'The last dull scenes of my declining age ;
 After long toils and voyages in vain,
 This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain ;
 Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
 Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.*

V. THE GARDEN.

To John Evelyn, Esquire.

I NEVER had any other desire so strong and so
 to covetousness, as that one which I have had
 ways, that I might be master at last of a s
 house and large garden, with very moderate c
 veniences joined to them ; and there dedicate
 remainder of my life only to the culture of th
 and study of nature ;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole
 entire to lie,
 In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for
 that I might there

“ studiis florere ignobilis otî :” †

(though I could wish that he had rather s
 “ Nobilis otî,” when he spoke of his own.)

* [—love her end.]—i. e. death, of which sleep is
 image.

† Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity ; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish ; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. " O let me escape thither (is it not a little one ?) and my soul shall live." I do not look back yet ; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for prose) what I mean by all this preface ; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the by ; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem ; and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind,* and which is to last as long as months and years.

Among many other arts and excellences which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine

* —the most useful book that has been written in that kind.]—Mr. Evelyn's "*Kalendarium Hortense*," dedicated to Mr. Cowley. The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years.—*Hurd*.

the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expenses, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full choice of thine own happiness
 And happier yet, because thou'rt bless'd
 With prudence, how to choose the best
 In books and gardens thou hast placed arise
 (Things, which thou well dost understand)
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand
 Thy noble, innocent delight:
 And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again
 Both pleasures more refined and sweet

The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind the wisest books.
 Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
 For empty shows, and senseless noise,
 And all which rank ambition breeds,
 Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such
 poisonous weeds?

II.

Then God did man to his own likeness make,
 As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
 By the great potter's art refined,
 Could the divine impression take,
 He thought it fit to place him, where
 A kind of heaven too did appear,
 As far as earth could such a likeness bear :
 That man no happiness might want,
 Which earth to her first master could afford,
 He did a garden for him plant
 By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
 As the chief help and joy of human life,
 He gave him the first gift ; first, ev'n before a wife.

III.

For God, the universal architect,
 'T had been as easy to erect
 A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower
 That might with heaven communication hold,
 As Babel, vainly thought to do of old :
 He wanted not the skill or power ;
 In the world's fabric those were shown,
 And the materials were all his own.
 But well he knew, what place would best agree
 With innocence, and with felicity :

And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain ;
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct ;
God the first garden made, and the first city (

IV.

O blessed shades ! O gentle cool retreat
From all the immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and swe
This does the lion-star, ambition's rage ;
This avarice, the dog-star's thirst assuage ;
Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny :
They neither set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year ;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence k
The birds that dance from bough to bough
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free,
Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel
That, which within this shade does dwell
To which we nothing pay or give :
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging p
'Tis well if they become not prey :
The whistling winds add their less artful stra
And a grave bass the murmuring fountains p
Nature does all this harmony bestow,
But to our plants, art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar we owe.

The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
 When Orpheus strook the inspired lute,
 The trees danced round, and understood
 By sympathy the voice of wood.

V.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
 And nothing does within resistance make,
 Which yet we moderately take ;
 Who would not choose to be awake,
 While he's encompass'd round with such delight,
 To the ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight?
 When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep *
 A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
 He odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
 As the most soft and sweetest bed :
 Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
 Who, that has reason, and his smell,
 Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
 Rather than all his spirits choke
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
 And all the uncleanness, which does drown,
 In pestilential clouds, a populous town ?
 The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
 Than all the female men, or women, there,
 Not without cause, about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
 That pleasure was the chiefest good,

* Virg. *Æn.* i. 695.

(And was, perhaps, i'th' right,* if rightly understood)
 His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure
 sought :

Whoever a true epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.

Vitellius's table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the ark of old ;
 That fiscal table, to which every day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford

Than nature's liberality,
 Help'd with a little art and industry,
 Allows the meanest gardener's board.
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
 For which the grape or melon she would lose ;
 Though all the inhabitants of sea and air
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,

Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Placed the third story† high in all her luxury.

VII.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
 None courts or flatters, as it does the eye.‡

* [—was, perhaps, i'th' right.] The author had seen Gassendi's fine work on this subject.—*Hurd*.

† [Placed the third story.] i. e. in the dessert, which stands as the third story in the fabric of modern luxury.

‡ But with no sense the garden does comply,
 None courts or flatters, as it does the eye.]—A little obscurely expressed. The meaning is—The garden gratifies no sense, it courts and flatters none, so much as it does the eye.—*Hurd*.

When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain;
 His royal southern guest to entertain;
 Though she on silver floors did tread,
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
 To hide the metal's poverty;
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
 And nought around her could behold;
 But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonish tapestry,
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
 Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her
 eye;
 Though she herself and her gay host were dress'd
 With all the shining glories of the East;
 When slavish art her costly work had done,
 The honour and the prize of bravery
 Was by the garden from the palace won;
 And every rose and lily there did stand
 Better attired by nature's hand :
 The case thus judged against the king we see,
 One, that would not be so rich, though wiser far
 than he.

VIII.

Does this happy place only dispense
 In various pleasures to the sense;
 Here health itself does live,
 Salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
 Adding pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
 Body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune,
 health.

• Matth. vi. 29.

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
 Did its immortal head to heaven rear;
 It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood;
 Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;
 Nor will it thrive too every where:
 It always here is freshest seen;
 'Tis only here an ever-green.
 If, through the strong and beauteous fence
 Of temperance and innocence,
 And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
 Any diseases passage find,
 They must not think here to assail
 A land unarmed, or without a guard;
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
 Before they can prevail:
 Scarce any plant is growing here,
 Which against death some weapon does not
 Let cities boast, that they provide
 For life the ornaments of pride;
 But 'tis the country and the field,
 That furnish it with staff and shield.*

IX.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine
 Where do we finer strokes and colours see
 Of the Creator's real poetry,
 Than when we with attention look
 Upon the third day's volume of the book?

* —staff and shield.] i. e. bread and physic; the
 to sustain man's life, and the latter, to guard it
 disease and sickness.

If we could open and intend our eye,
 We all, like Moses, should espy
 Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.
 But we despise these his inferior ways
 (Though no less full of miracle and praise):
 Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
 The stars of earth* no wonder in us raise,
 Though these perhaps do more than they
 The life of mankind sway,
 Although no part of mighty nature be
 More stored with beauty, power, and mystery.
 Yet, to encourage human industry,
 God has so ordered, that no other part
 Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

X.

We no where art do so triumphant see;
 As when it grafts or buds the tree:
 In other things we count it to excel,
 If it a docile scholar can appear
 To nature, and but imitate her well:
 It over-rules, and is her master here.

* —flowers of heaven—stars of earth.] A poetical conversion, much to the taste of Mr. Cowley; but the prettier and easier, because many plants and flowers are of a radiate form, and are called stars, not in the poet's vocabulary only, but in that of the botanist and florist: as, on the other hand, the stars of heaven—

“ Blushing in bright diversities of day”—

as the poet says of the garden's “bloomy bed,” very naturally present themselves under the idea, and take the name of flowers.—*Hurd.*

It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does
refine :

It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its bless'd state of Paradise before.
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command ;
And the wild giants of the wood receive

What law he's pleased to give ?
He bids the ill-natured crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice ;

The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss ; *

He does the savage hawthorn teach

To bear the medjar and the pear ;

He bids the rustic plum to rear

A noble trunk, and be a peach.

Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,

And weds the cherry to her stock,

Though she refused Apollo's suit.

Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,

Now wonders at herself, to see

That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

XI.

Methinks, I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made :
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk

* —that worthy is of Galatea's purple kiss.] An idea conceived and expressed in the best manner of Shakespeare.—Hurd.

With the ambassadors, who come in vain,
To entice him to a throne again.

"If I, my friends (said he) should to you show
All the delights, which in these gardens grow;
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my friends, if every day

I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph, to the Capitol, I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, al-
most a god.

VI. OF GREATNESS.

"SINCE we cannot attain to greatness," says the *Sieur de Montagne*,* "let us have our revenge by railing at it:" this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason; for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, with-

* The *Sieur de Montagne* and Mr. Cowley are our two great models of essay-writing. Both have this merit; that they paint themselves, their own characters and humours: and thus far the resemblance holds. But the French essayist drew his own picture out of vanity, and a preposterous one too, as the likeness does him no honour; our amiable countryman gave us his, out of the abundance of a good heart, which overflowed with all the sentiments of probity, and virtue.—*Hurd*.

out being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require:
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat*
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow: but I am content; and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

" *Dū bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi.*"†

I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it,)

* If e'er ambition, &c.] Why are these verses in every one's mouth, but because they are the language of the heart? If writers would consult their invention less, and their honest affections more, they would be longer lived than they generally are. What a great poet said, dotingly, to his mistress, should have been addressed to one of his own profession:—

" Ah, friend, to dangle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine."—
Pope.

† 1. Sat. iv. 17.

it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress nor my fortune should be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but, as Lucretius says,

“ Parvola, pumilio, Χαριτων μιν, tota merum sal.”*

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder † describes to this effect: “ Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, (for I speak it without raillery,) his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine, that was a very glances, and made her walk too always in chiopins; till at last, he got the surname of Senecio Grandio, which Messala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*. When he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's

* Lucr. iv. 1155.

† Suasoriarum Liber. Suas. 11.

army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice, 'I rejoice, I rejoice.' — We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. 'Xerxes,' says he, 'is all mine own. He who took away the sight of the sea with the canvass veils of so many ships'—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burly way of nonsense."

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at; and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees, Grandios. Is any thing more common, than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of Grandio? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children.

One of the most powerful and fortunate princes* of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too,) they certainly possessed it: and yet one of them, who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub.† One of his predecessors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite,) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was, to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were of their triumphs over nations: he did not at his death complain, that so mighty an emperor, and

* One of the most powerful and fortunate princes.] Louis XIII. The duke de Luynes, the constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this powerful and fortunate prince by training up singing-birds for him.—*Anon.*

† —had been Beelzebub.] Beelzebub signifies the "lord of flies."—*Cowley.*

the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities, she be brought to so shameful and miserable an end but only cried out, "Alas! what pity it is that excellent a musician should perish in this manner!"* His uncle Claudius spent half his time playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of sovereignty. I omit the madneses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt,
 With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
 Was it for this that his ambition strove
 To equal Cæsar, first, and after, Jove?
 Greatness is barren sure of solid joys;
 Her merchandise, I fear, is all in toys;
 She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,
 To treat his universal majesty,
 His new-created Deity,
 With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to entertain such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and the same cold meats served over and over again even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and

* "Qualls artifex pereor!"—Sueton. Nero.

contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy and the more pleasant: not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the tailor or valet de chambre: not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions,) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain, or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit-gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other, liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence: and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous paradox; that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than a high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object;

" — sed quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit."*

As far as up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress. What a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery :

" Mancipii locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex."†

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live, one would have thought, pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates; two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary pro-

* Virg. Georg. ii. 291.

† Hor. i. Ep. vi. 39.

visions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine. "As riches increase," says Solomon, "so do the mouths that devour them."* The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, meanwhile, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Peak of Teneriffe, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroic attempt of scaling heaven in despite of the gods; and they cast Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business; but the thunder spoiled all the work, when they were come up to the third story:

"And what a noble plot was cross'd!
And what a brave design was lost!"

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain; and afterwards general,

COWLEY'S ESSAYS.

which was his second; and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third; and almost touched the heaven which he affected; is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy; a notion that consists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left no upper-hand, in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diverse compared. There may be perhaps some village Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you w wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one other in any thing), and choose rather to be first man of the village, than second at I. Our country is called Great Britany, in only of a lesser of the same name: it w but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we co together with the kingdom of China. Th

* That, too, &c.] This noble idea is pursued extent, and its moral use pointed out, with force and beauty both of imagination and er M. Pascal, *Pensées*, c. xxii. ; and by Mr. Ad Spectator, No. 420, and No. 565.

is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides; and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE I.

“Odi profanum vulgus,” &c.

I

HENCE, ye profane! I hate ye all;
 Both the great vulgar,* and the small.
 To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness
 hold,
 Not yet discoloured with the love of gold,
 (That jaundice of the soul,
 Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)
 To you, ye very few, these truths I tell:
 The muse inspires my song; hark, and observe it
 well.

* — great vulgar.] Successful poets have a great authority over the language of their country. This happy expression of “the great vulgar” is become a part of the English phraseology.—*Hurd*.

II.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds
 "Twixt things that were the same by birth.
 We look on kings as giants of the earth :
 These giants are but pigmies to the gods..
 The humblest bush and proudest oak
 Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
 Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and
 power,*
 Have their short flourishing hour :
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their pre-eminence awhile ;
 Even so, in the same land,
 Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand.
 Alas, death mows down all with an impartial hand.

III.

And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
 Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles :
 If ye your eyes could upwards move,
 (But, ye, I fear, think nothing is above)
 Ye would perceive by what a little thread
 The sword still hangs over your head.
 No tide of wine would drown your cares ;
 No mirth or music over-noise your fears.

* Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power.]
 Very like, in the expression, as well as sentiment, to that
 fine stanza in Mr. Gray's elegy—

" The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave."—Hurd.

The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not to admit the image of it, sleep.

IV.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest country cottages :

“ His poppy grows among the corn.”*

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.

’Tis not enough that he does find

Clouds and darkness in their mind ;

Darkness but half his work will do :

’Tis not enough ; he must find quiet too.

V.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,

Does only nature’s counsel take,

That wise and happy man will never fear

The evil aspects of the year ;

Nor tremble, though two comets should appear :

He does not look in almanacs, to see

Whether he fortunate shall be.

Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,†

And what they please against the world design,

So Jupiter within him shine.‡

* Prettily fancied and expressed.—*Hurd*.

† Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin] i. e. Let Malice and Misfortune do their worst.

‡ So Jupiter within him shine.] i. e. So God send him a moderate and contented mind ; as reverencing that great truth —*παν δαρημα τελειον αγαθον ειναι, καταβαινον απο του*

VI.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.

What would content you? who can tell?

Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,

As if ye liked it well:

Ye strive for more, as if ye liked it not.

Go, level hills, and fill up seas;

Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please

But, trust me, when you have done all this,

Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss

VII. OF AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of avarice: the one is but a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure

Παρος τὸν φῶτον. Jam. i. 17. But the expression is vulgar, though the sentiment be not, and was suggested to the poet by Virgil's

"———æquus amavit

Jupiter——"

or rather by that line of Persius—

"Saturnumque gravem nostro Jove frangimus una."

Sat. v. 50.

* Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.] The jingle of this line is so far from having an ill effect, that force and pathos of the expression is increased by it. The reason is, the two corresponding words are not affected for the sake of the jingle, but are the easiest and properest that could be found to express the author's ideas: and then the reiterated sound only serves to fix them upon us.—Hurd.

refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury : the other is the true kind, and properly so called ; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of riches, not for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal ; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excern it : the second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind ; and a little good too, to some few : the second does good to none, no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions : the second can give no reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does ; he is a slave to Mammon, without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved ; ay, and envied too by some people : the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories, and fables, and allegories, and allusions ; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it : among all which, I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovid :

“ Desunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.”

Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and tender it thus,

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

ment to enjoy.

And, oh, what man's condition can be worse
Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings cure
The beggars but a common fate deplore;
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass that there never been any law made against him: against do I say? I mean, for him. As there are public visions made for all other madmen, it is very sonable that the king should appoint some pe (and I think the courtiers would not be agains proposition) to manage his estate during hi (for his heirs commonly need not that care); out of it to make it their business to see, th should not want alimony befitting his cond which he could never get out of his own fingers. We relieve idle vagrants, and count beggars; but have no care at all of these really men, who are, methinks, to be respectfully tre in regard of their quality. I might be ex against them, but I am almost choked with

• Somebody says, &c.] The author, well acqu with the taste of his readers, would not disgust their de by letting them know, that this somebody was, St. I μηδεν εχοντες, και παντα κατεχοντες [2 Cor. vi. though the sense and expression would have done h to Plato.—Hurd.

superabundance of the matter : too much plenty impoverishes me, as it does them.* I will conclude this odious subject with part of Horace's first satire, which take in his own familiar style :†

I admire, Mæcenas, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.
"Happy the merchant !" the old soldier cries.
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
"Happy the soldier ! one half hour to thee
Gives speedy death, or glorious victory."
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant bless'd :
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
Envies the mouth, which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store
Of instances, if here I add no more ;
They are enough to reach at least a mile
Beyond long orator Fabius's style.
But, hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,

*—as it does them.] This application of his aphorism covers the false wit of the expression, and was intended as an indirect apology for it: though the witticism be not his own, but Ovid's :

"—inopem me copia fecit." Met. iii. 466.—*Hurd*.

†—in his own familiar style.] Mr. Cowley has succeeded better in copying this familiar style, than most others ; but he sometimes mistakes vulgar, or careless, at least, for familiar. Horace's familiarity is that of a perfectly polite and elegant speaker, as well as of an easy well-bred man.—*Hurd*.

Who bounteous Jove so often crown'd
Behold, Jove's now resolved to please you all.
Thou, soldier, be a merchant; merchant, thou
A soldier be; and, lawyer, to the plough.
Change all your stations straight: why do they stay?
The devil a man will change, now, when he may.
Were I in general Jove's abused case,
By Jove, I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good: be all then, as ye were;
However, make the best of what ye are,
And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
No, they must labour yet, and sweat and toil,
And very miserable be awhile.
But 'tis with a design only to gain
What may their age with plenteous ease maintain
The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
And industry to lazy mankind preach.
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he straight devour all he can get;
But in his temperate mouth carries it home,
A stock for winter, which he knows must cost
And, when the rolling world to creatures he
Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the year,
And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and
He cheerfully does his past labours eat.
O, does he so? your wise example, the ant
Does not, at all times, rest and plenty wait
But, weighing justly a mortal ant's condition
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition
Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold
To the Indies thou wouldst run, rather
Another, though a friend, richer than

Fond man ! what good or beauty can be found
 In heaps of treasure, buried under ground ;
 Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
 Thou wouldst thyself, too, buried with them be ?
 And what's the difference ? is't not quite as bad
 Never to use, as never to have had ?
 In thy vast barns millions of quarters store ;
 Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
 Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread :
 What then ? He's with no more, than others, fed.
 Do you within the bounds of nature live,
 And to augment your own you need not strive ;
 One hundred acres will no less for you
 Your life's whole business, than ten thousand, do.
 But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store :
 What, man ? though you're resolved to take no more
 Than I do from a small one ? If you will
 Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
 To some great river for it must you go,
 When a clear spring just at your feet does flow ?
 Give me the spring, which does to human use
 Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce ;
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,
 Must run the danger of the crocodile,
 And of the rapid stream itself, which may,
 At unawares, bear him perhaps away.
 In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
 Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within ;
 He catches at the stream with greedy lips ;
 From his touch'd mouth the wanton torment slips.*

* —the wanton torment slips.] Prettily expressed in
 Ovid's manner ; but that is not the manner of Horace, who
 says elegantly, but simply—

“ —fugientia captat

Flumina——”

Hurd.

You laugh now, and expand your careful brow ;
'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you ?
Change but the name, this fable is thy story :
Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste ;
The abundance still, and still the want, does last.
The treasures of the gods thou wouldst not spare :
But, when they're made thine own, they sacred are,
And must be kept with reverence ; as if thou
No other use of precious gold didst know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
The only true and genuine use is this :
To buy the things which nature cannot miss
Without discomfort ; oil and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of life is fed ;
And all those few things else by which we live :
All that remains, is given for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be which fair riches bear ;
If a new poverty grow out of store ;
The old plain way, ye gods ! let me be poor.

PARAPHRASE ON HORACE, B. III. OD. XVI.

I.

A TOWER of brass, one would have said,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preserved one innocent maidenhead.
The jealous father thought he well might spare
All further jealous care ;

And, as he walk'd, to himself alone he smiled,
To think how Venus' arts he had beguiled ;
And, when he slept, his rest was deep :
But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
She taught the amorous Jove
A magical receipt in love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him
more,
Than all his thunder did, and his almightyship
before.

II.

She taught him love's elixir, by which art
His godhead into gold he did convert :
No guards did then his passage stay ;
He pass'd with ease ; gold was the word :
Subtile as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold through doors and walls did pierce.
The prudent Macedonian king,
To blow up towns, a golden mine did spring.
He broke through gates with his petar :
'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war ;
And fleets and armies follow it afar :
The ensign 'tis at land, and 'tis the seaman's star.

III.

Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,
Creature to this disguised deity,
Yet it shall never conquer me.
A guard of virtues will not let it pass,
And wisdom in a tower of stronger brass.

The Muses' laurel,* round my temples spread,
 Does from this lightning's force secure my head :
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent meteor's way to lie.†
 Wealth for its power do we honour and adore ?
 The things we hate, ill fate, and death, have more.

IV.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great
 The vast Xerxean army, I retreat,
 And to the small Laconic forces fly,†

* The Muses' laurel.] A very poetical manner of expressing that plain sentiment—

“ —vatis avarus

Non temere est animus———”

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 119.

The common superstition makes the laurel a preservative against the blast of lightning.—*Hurd.*

† — meteor's way to lie.] All this imagery is extracted out of a fine, indeed, but simple enough verse of the original—

“ —jure perhorru

Late conspicuum tollere verticem.”

It is curious to observe the whole process. The “late conspicuum vertex” put him in mind of the mountain's top which is most exposed to the ravage of thunder storm. This danger, transferred to the poet's head, called for the “Muses' laurel,” to secure him from the lightning's force which, again (and that brought him round to the point from which he had set out), being fatal, chiefly, to high and eminent situations, admonished him not to lift his head [tollere verticem] into the way of that violent meteor.

“ Such tricks hath strong imagination !”—*Hurd.*

† —Xerxean army—Laconic forces—] A forced unnatural

Which holds the straights of poverty.
 Cellars and granaries in vain we fill
 With all the bounteous summer's store,
 If the mind thirst and hunger still :
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor.*
 Slaves to the things we too much prize,
 We masters grow of all that we despise.

V.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
 Is all the wealth by nature understood.
 The monarch, on whom fertile Nile bestows
 All which that grateful earth can bear,
 Deceives himself, if he suppose
 That more than this falls to his share.
 Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
 Is not a rent paid to the lord ;
 But is a tax illegal and unjust,
 Exacted from it by the tyrant lust.
 Much will always wanting be
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
 To whom the wise indulgency of heaven,
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

allusion, for the sake of introducing a quibble—the *straights* of poverty : the word, *straights*, meaning a narrow pass, like that of Thermopylæ, which the small Laconic forces guarded against the vast Xerxean army ; and *distresses*, or *difficulties*, such as men are put to, when they have to contend with Poverty.—*Hurd*.

* The poor rich man's emphatically poor.] We had this line above, p. 96. It seems to have been a favourite with the poet ; as it is, indeed, a very fine one.—*Hurd*.

VIII. THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN
MUCH COMPANY.

IF twenty thousand* naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty-thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap-à-pee*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool; and if the injury went no

* If twenty thousand.] There are some very dark shades in the following picture of human life, or rather of the age in which the writer lived; which is not much to be wondered at, if that age be truly characterised by one who had great experience of it:

“Dark shades become the portrait of our time:

Here weeps Misfortune, and here triumphs Crime.”

Waller.

Or the true account of the matter may be only this: Virtue is always a little of a misanthrope; and the pure virtue of Mr. Cowley, clouded by chagrin, and, perhaps, a constitutional melancholy, could scarce fail of taking somewhat too much of that character: yet his good sense and good temper have generally kept him from any extravagance in the expression of it, except, perhaps, in this chapter.—*Hurd.*

farther than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation : but the case is much worse ; for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger,* but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves ; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him.

Do you wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone ? It is hard for him to be otherwise ; he is so, when he is among ten thousand : neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts ; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous : there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies ; whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven ; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assem-

*—a taken stranger.] Taken in the double sense of *seized*, and *circumvented* ; that is, surprised by force or fraud.—*Captus*, in Latin, has the same ambiguity.—Hurd.

bled many thousands of scattered people into body: it is true, they have done so; they brought them together into cities to cozen, into armies to murder one another: they for them hunters and fishers of wild creatures; have made them hunters and fishers of their thren: they boast to have reduced them to a of peace; when the truth is, they have only to them an art of war: they have framed, I must fess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice; they raised first that devil, which now they jure and cannot bind. Though there were be no punishments for wickedness, yet there was committed, because there were no rewards for

But the men who praise philosophy from topic, are much deceived: let oratory answer itself; the tinkling perhaps of that may uni swarm. It never was the work of philosophy to semble multitudes, but to regulate only, and go them, when they were assembled; to make the of an evil, and bring them, as much as is poss to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were first builders of towns, and founders of emp they said, "Go to, let us build us a city a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, an us make us a name, lest we be scattered ab upon the face of the earth."* What was the ginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the wo What was it but a concourse of thieves, and a s tuary of criminals? It was justly named by angury of no less than twelve vultures, and founder cemented his walls with the blood of brother. Not unlike to this was the begin

* Gen. xi. 4.

even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities : their actual, increase daily with their age and growth ; the more people, the more wicked all of them ; every one brings in his part to inflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison ; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all points armed and provided, both against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery ; it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms : though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant ; because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them ; and that it is impossible to escape both these inconveniences without so much caution, as will take away the whole quiet, that is, the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose ; but, I pray, what can he get there ?

“ *Quid Romæ faciam ? Mentiri nescio.* ” •

• *Juv. Sat. iii. 41.*

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? He can neither understand nor speak the language of the place. A naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian,* when he met him newly arrived at Rome:

"Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;
 What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
 Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
 Nor with false whispers the innocent betray:
 Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
 A living by thy industry and sweat;
 Nor with vain promises and projects cheat;
 Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.
 But you're a man of learning, prudent, just;
 A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
 Why you may stay, and live unenvied here;
 But, faith, go back, and keep you where you were."

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impiety vexations to the wise and pious.

Lucretius,† by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm: and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world; but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so ma

* Mart. 4. Ep. v.

† Lucr. lib. ii.

various madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender; for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation: though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, "*ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*;" that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But whither shall we fly then? into the deserts, like the ancient hermits?

" —*Qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinny,*
In facinus jurasse putes—"

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) "*sold themselves to sin*:" the difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I first went to dwell in the country, that

without doubt I should have met there with simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as shepherds of sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia, or monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey: but, to come to the truth, I perceived quickly,* by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest; that, if I could content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange or Westminster-hall. I ask again then, what shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it; he must take heed, though, not to be a whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation or just necessity, men happen to be married to wives, we can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, the time is short; it remains that they that have wives be as though they had none. But I wish that all men were even as I myself."†

In all cases, they must be sure, that the

* I perceived quickly.] Strange, that the author should have this discovery to make at Chertsey! But the story is no more than this: every state of life has its conveniences; and, of course, we are most affected by that state which we have experienced. Hence we look to them in every other, and fondly expect that rest which is no where to be found, from a change of condition.—Hurd.

† 1 Cor. vii. 29.

“mundum ducere,” and not “mundo nubere;” they must retain the superiority and headship over it. Happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town in their country.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

De Sene Veronensi, qui Suburbium nunquam egressus est.

“FELIX, qui patris ævum transegit in agris;
 Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem:
 Qui pæculo nitens, in quâ reptavit arenâ,
 Unius numerat sæcula longa casæ.
 Illum non vario traxit Fortuna tumultu;
 Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hōspes aquas.
 Non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles:
 Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
 Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,
 Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
 Frugibus alternis, non consule, computat annum:
 Auctumnum pomis, ver sibi flore, notat.
 Idem condit ager soles, idemque reducit,
 Metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem.
 Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum,
 Æquævumque videt consenuisse nemus:
 Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis,
 Benacumque putat litora Rubra lacum.
 Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque lacertis
 Ætas robustum tertia cernit avum.
 Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.
 Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.”

Happy the man, who his whole time doth bound
 Within the enclosure of his little ground.

The worst
 He never heard the shrill sound
 Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
 No change of consuls mark to him the year;
 The change of seasons is his calendar.
 The cold and heat winter and summer shows
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers he
 He measures time by land-marks, and has for
 For the whole day the dial of his ground.
 A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he
 And loves his old contemporary trees.
 He has only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame;
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus' lake.
 Thus health and strength he to a third age
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam;
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home

for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man, who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniences and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas! so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all *σφημεροι*, (as Pindar calls us,) creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space: as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger: but, as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years: "tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa," so far he shoots beyond his butt; one would think he were of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it: they, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience; for we begin not the care of life till it be half spent, and still increase them as that decreases.

What is there among the actions of beasts so irrational and repugnant to reason? When they do anything which seems to proceed from that which we call reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct, and are not we fools, too, by the same kind of instinct? If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might,) we should adjust much better our other accounts; but whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent words,

“ — spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces;”*

from a short life cut off all hopes that grow long. They must be pruned away like suckers, which choke the mother plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the same sense,

“ Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam

which Seneca does not mend, when he says, “ quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium;” but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about money through all ways of gain, had attained extraordinary riches, but died on a sudden, and having supped merrily, “ in ipso actu bene cœtum rerum, in ipso procurentis fortunæ impetu,” in the full course of his good fortune, when

* 1 Carm. xi. 6.

† Ibid. iv. 15.

had a high tide and a stiff gale, and all her sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil,*

“ Inserere nunc, Melibæe, pyros; pone ordine vites!”

————— Go, Melibæus, now,

Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant.

Behold the fruit!

For this Senecio I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, *in ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St. Luke (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me: for he seems to have been satisfied at last; he confesses he had enough for many years; he bids his soul take its ease; and yet, for all that, God says to him, “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; and the things thou hast laid up, who shall they belong to?”† Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment? We may find, I think, two; and God, perhaps, saw more: first, that he did not intend true rest to his soul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury; his design is, to eat, and to drink, and to be merry: secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; the fulness of his old barns had not sufficed him; he would stay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meted out to him in the same measure: since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the man from

* Buc. l. 74.

† Luke, xii. 20.

COWLEY'S ESSAYS.

his riches, and no less frequently riches from the man. What hope can there be of such a marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain? by what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,

Or, what is worse, be left by it?

Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
Oh man, ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high;
Thou who art under ground to lie?

Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see;
For death, alas! is sowing thee.*

Suppose thou fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;

Suppose thou couldst on fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish gardener mock,

Who does a slight and annual plant engraft
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem.

Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

* — is sowing thee.] A Christian, and even
idea. St. Paul had said — σπείρεται σωμα
σπείρεται σωμα πνευματικόν. 1 Cor. xv.
death sows the animal body, that a spiritual may
from it.—Hurd.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
 In business that concerns not thee!
 For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
 Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.*

Even aged men, as if they truly were
 Children again, for age prepare;
 Provisions for long travel they design,
 In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards.
 The stock, which summer's wealth affords.
 In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
 How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
 Might half excuse our cheated sight,
 If it of life the whole small time would stay,
 And be our sun-shine all the day;

Like lightning,† that, begot but in a cloud,
 (Though shining bright, and speaking loud)
 Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
 And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
 Only to men that stand not near!
 Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears!
 And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

* Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.] Properly so, and still more inexcusably than the meddling bankrupt in Horace:

“—aliens negotia curo,

Excusus propriis—”

2 Sat. iii. 10.

† Like lightning, that.] The subject of this comparison is to be supplied out of the foregoing stanza—*But the light of power and honour is* “Like lightning, that,” &c.—Hurd.

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
 In a weak boat trust not the deep;
 Placed beneath envy, above envying rise;
 Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,*
 Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark:
 Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
 Thy humble nest build on the ground.

* The wise example, &c.] The poet's apology for himself (in which there is a mixture of badinage) may be conceived to stand thus:—

Worldly men love to justify themselves by an appeal to the animals; which, say they, are prompted by instinct, an unerring guide, to provide for futurity. Be it so, replies the author: I have my appeal to that quarter, as well as they. The ant is their example; and they do well to drudge and save, in imitation of his diligence and parsimony.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
 The stock, which summer's wealth affords.

I, as a poet, have my example in the heavenly lark (for the animal world has its poets as well as drudges); and, in that character, am lessened, by wise nature, to aspire to the sublimity of song, and, for the rest, to content myself with a singer's lowly temper and condition.

Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
 Thy humble nest build on the ground.

So that, as to the argument drawn from the instinct animals, the poet's carelessness and the worldling's care equally favoured by it.

After all, the poet's serious design was only to intro-
 duce pretty address to himself, and the well-fancied man
 with which he qualifies his wise example—

Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark! Hurd.

X. THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A Letter to S. L.

I AM glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But, nevertheless, (you say, which, *but*, is "*ærugo mera*,"* a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) "*cum dignitate otium*." This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty: the seeking for a fortune then is but a desperate after-game: it is a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it

* Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 100.

add any thing
from his desires."
The sum of this is, that, for
of some conveniences, we ought not
execution of a work that is necessary; esp-
when the use of those things which we would sub-
for, may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of
time never recovered: nay, farther yet, though we
we resure to obtain all that we had a mind to;
though we were sure of getting never so much by
continuing the game; yet, when the light of life is
so near going out, and ought to be so precious,
"le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," the play is no
worth the expense of the candle: after having be-
long tossed in a tempest, if our masts be standi-
and we have still sail and tackling enough to
us to our port, it is no matter for the wa-
streamers and top-gallants:

" —utere velis,
Totos pande sinus."

A gentleman, in our late civil wars, when
ters were beaten up by the enemy, wa-
soner, and lost his life afterwards, on

• Juv. 1. 150.

to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all; and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think your counsel of "*Festina lente*" is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer Horace's advice before yours:

" ——— sapere aude :

Incipe—"

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro* teaches us that Latin proverb, "*portam itineri longissimam esse*:" but to return to Horace :

" —Sapere aude :

Incipe. Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus exspectat, dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."†

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise:
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream which stopp'd him, should be gone;
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.‡

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others)

* Lib. i. Agric.

† 1 Ep. ii. 40.

‡ This translation gives the sense, but not the grace, of the original. The following does more justice to the Latin poet:

" To mend his life who has it in his power,
Yet still defers it to a future hour,
Waits, like the peasant, till the stream be dried:
Still glides the stream, and will for ever glide."

Mr. Neville's Imit. of Horace, p. 85.—Hurd.

was so far from this folly, that whensoever, in journey, he was to cross any river, he never waded one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over: and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness: stay till the waters are low; stay till some boats come by to transport you; stay till a bridge be built for you: you had even as good wait till the river be quite past. Persius (who, you may say, you do not know whether he be a good or no, because you cannot understand him) whom therefore, I say, I know to be not a poet) has an odd expression of these protractors, which, methinks, is full of fancy:

“ Jam cras hesternum consumimus: ecce aliud celeriter
Egerit hos annos.”*

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on.
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
'Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now I think I am even with you
“ Otium cum dignitate,” and “ Festus
and three or four other more of your
sentences: if I should draw upon you
out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this
should overwhelm you; but I leave to
arii,† for your next charge. I shall

* Pers. Sat. v. 68.

† —as Triarii.] i. e. As the last and chief
allusion is to the order of the Roman army
Triarii, as they were called, served in the
their best and most tried soldiers, were

now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend ; and so, *vale*.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EPIG. LIX.

"Cras te victurum," &c.

To-MORROW you will live, you always cry.
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say :
To-day itself's too late ; the wise lived yesterday.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EPIG. XC.

"Quintiliane, vage," &c.

WONDER not, sir, (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give ;
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir :

the action, when the other ranks were defeated or hard pressed, and the success became doubtful. This explanation may not be unacceptable to some readers.—Hurd.

Who does his father's bounded stores des
 And whom his own too never can suffice.
 My humble thoughts no glittering roofs r
 Or rooms, that shine with aught but com
 I will content the avarice of my sight
 With the fair gildings of reflected light.*
 Pleasures abroad the sport of nature yield
 Her living fountains, and her smiling fiel
 And then, at home, what pleasure is't to
 A little, cleanly, cheerful family!
 Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in
 'Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.
 Too noble nor too wise she should not be
 No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of m
 'Thus let my life slide silently away,
 With sleep all night, and quiet all the da

* —reflected light.] He means, light reflect
 objects of nature: but he does not express h
 for artificial, as well as natural objects, shine

“ With the fair gildings of reflected li

He might have said—

“ With the fair gildings of unpurchased l
 i. e. light, not purchased by the costliness of t
 from which it is reflected. Thus, in another
 IX. p. 26+,] he calls the simple delights of
 such as those of

“ —the garden, painted o'er
 With nature's hand, not art's—”
 unbought sports.—*Hurd.*

XI. OF MYSELF.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself: it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind: neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holydays,

* hard—for a man to write of himself.] This is commonly said, but against all experience. A man of worth and name is never so sure to please, as when he writes of himself with good faith, and without affectation. Hence our delight in those parts of Horace's, Boileau's, and Pope's works, in which those eminent writers paint themselves: and hence, the *supreme charm* of COWLEY'S ESSAYS; more especially of *this Essay*.—Hurd.

and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now, (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me; that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known:

Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light;
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er

With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say each night ;
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets ; (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace,*) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me : they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there : for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion)—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works ; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights,

* " ———ille potens sui,
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem

Dixisse, Vixi : cras vel atrâ

Nube polum, Pater, occupato,
Vel sole puro."

3 Od. xxix. 41.

and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for this was the state then of the English and French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation and reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that life of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for as I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch and entice me, when I saw that it was adulterous. I met with several great persons, whom I knew very well; but could not perceive that any of their greatness was to be liked or desired more than I would be glad or content to

storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where; though I was in business of great and honourable trust; though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

“ Well then ;* I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree,” &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought, in that case, I might easily have compassed as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself; and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at the exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which neglected verse does raise.”

* Well then.] We have these verses, under the name of the *Wish*, in “The Mistress.” It was not thought worth while to transcribe the rest of them.—Hurd.

She spake;* and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others choose;
Their several pleasures let them use;
But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she d
thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
Of folly, lust, and flattery,†
Fraud, extortion, calumny,
Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion, and hypocrisy.
Do thou nor grieve nor blush to be,
As all the inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers were, from
down to Ben.‡

However, by the failing of the forces
had expected, I did not quit the design
had resolved on; I cast myself into it a cor
without making capitulations, or taking c
fortune. But God laughs at a man who s

* She spake.] i. e. The Muse.

† Of folly, lust, and flattery.] A bitter s
court, after the restoration; as the three fol
are on the gross body of the nation, before it.

‡ Pindaric Odes. Destiny.

soul, "Take thy ease:" I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness, (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum;" nothing shall separate me from a mistress, which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

— Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos, Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Silvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation! Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

"Vitam quæ faciunt," &c.

SINCE, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness* from me;

*—receipt of happiness.] This unlucky notion of a re-

These are the chief ingredients, if not all :
 Take an estate neither too great or small,
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call.
 Let this estate from parents' care descend;
 The getting it too much of life does spend.
 Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industry.
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame ;
 And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
 Thee to the town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, business, draw.
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.

ceipt, has much debased the following imitation : but the author, I suppose, felt his inability to express, in our language, the concise elegance of the original ; and therefore hoped to supply this defect by what the courtesy of his time was ready to accept under the name of wit and humour.

From the acknowledged merit of this, and some other epigrams in Martial, and from the general scorn and exaltation of the rest, one is led to reflect, how very unwisely men of parts and ingenuity take their measures, when, to be well with the vicious, though it chance to be the fashionable part of their contemporaries, they disgust and scandalize the wise and good. "Si sic omnia:" if Martial had always taken care to write as he does here ; I mean, with the same purity of sentiment and expression—his volume had now been the delight of all readers : for such is the prerogative of decency and sobriety, that those qualities in a writer charm, at the long run, the vicious themselves ; while none but such will ever endure a want of those qualities. And this observation may as well be applied to libertinism in works of speculation, as to licentiousness in those of fancy. No writer, whether philosopher or poet, ever affronted the common sense, or common virtue of mankind, with impunity.—*Hurd*.

Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain.
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take;
And of each does the just mixture make.
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
 Instead of art and luxury in food,
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
 If any cares into thy day-time creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
 Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
 Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art,
 Act cheerfully and well the allotted part;
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear, nor wish, the approaches of the
 • last.

 MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIG. XCVI.

"Sæpe loquar," &c.

ME, who have lived so long among the great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a retreat;
 And a retreat so distant, as may show
 No thoughts of a return, when once I go.
 Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
 Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
 Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
 And all the solid use of riches knows.
 The ground about the house maintains it there,
 The house maintains the ground about it here.

Here even hunger's dear ; and a full board
 Devours the vital substance of the lord.
 The land itself does there the feast bestow,
 The land itself must here to market go.
 Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
 One suit does there three or four winters last.
 Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
 And little luke-warm fires are to you sold ;
 There fire's an element, as cheap and free,
 Almost as any of the other three.
 Stay you then here, and live among the great,
 Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
 When all the bounties here of men you score,*
 The place's bounty theré shall give me more.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS.†

“ Hic, o viator, sub lare parvulo,
 Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet ;
 Defunctis humani laboris
 Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

* —of men you score.] He might have said, of friends,
 as his original does.

—“ quidquid non præstat amicus.”

But then the application would have been more pointed and satirical than he wished it to be. He therefore drops the idea of friends, and says delicately, but with less force—

“ When all the bounties here of men you score.”—*Hurd*.

† Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.] The conceit of a *living death*, was altogether in the taste of our author ; but happily pursued in this agreeable epitaph, that the play wit takes nothing from the weight and pathos of the sentiment.—*Hurd*.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
 Et non inerti nobilis otio,
 Vanoque dilectis popello
 Divitiis animosus hostis.

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum.
 En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit !
 Exempta sit curis, viator,
 Terra sit illa levis, precare.

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas ;
 Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus :*
 Herbisque odoratis corona
 Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

EPITAPH ON THE LIVING AUTHOR.

HERE, stranger, in this humble nest,
 Here Cowley sleeps ; here lies,
 Scaped all the toils that life molest,
 And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
 And no inglorious ease,
 He braves the world, and can defy
 Its frowns and flatteries.

*—vita gaudet mortua floribus.] The application is the juster and prettier, because of the poet's singular passion for gardens and flowers (on which subject he had written a Latin poem in six books) : and then, according to the poetical creed,

—vivo quæ cura—
 —eadem sequitur tellure repõstum.

Virg. *Æn.* vi. 564.—Hurd.

The little earth, he asks, survey.

Is he not dead, indeed ?

“ Light lie that earth,” good strange

“ Nor thorn upon it breed !”

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame

Compass your poet round ;

With flowers of every fragrant name

Be his warm ashes crown'd !

DISCOURSE,

BY WAY OF VISION,

CONCERNING THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

This is the best of our author's prose works. The subject, which he had much at heart, raised his genius. There is something very noble, and almost poetical, in the plan of this Vision; and a warm vein of eloquence runs quite through it.—*Hurd.*

It was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector: and though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes, in the persons of their ambassadors, (being

infinitely afflicted for the loss of : were pleased to attend : the hearse with the idol crowned, and (not to mention ceremonies which are practised at royal and therefore by no means could be the vast multitude of spectators : it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle yet, I know not how, the whole was that methought it somewhat represented him for whom it was made; much tumult, much expense, much magnificent vain glory; briefly, a great show, and this, but an ill sight. At last (for it to me, and, like his short reign too the whole scene passed by; and I in my chamber, weary, and I think more than any of the mourners; where I bled on the whole life of this prodigio sometimes I was filled with horror at of his actions, and sometimes I inclined reverence and admiration of his courage and success; till, by these different agitations of mind, rocked as it were at last into this vision; or if you please but a dream, I shall not take it ill : father of poets tells us, even dreams God.

But sure it was no dream; for I was transported afar off (whether in the form of the body, like St. Paul,* I know not) myself on the top of that famous hill

* —like St. Paul.] Very injudicious, or at least, to use the language of St. Paul.—H

lona, which has the prospect of three great, and
ot long since, most happy, kingdoms. As soon
s ever I looked on them, the *not long since* struck
pon my memory, and called forth the sad repre-
entation of all the sins and all the miseries that
ad overwhelmed them these twenty years; and
wépt bitterly for two or three hours; and when
y present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell
sighing for an hour more; and as soon as I re-
overed from my passion the use of speech and rea-
on, I broke forth, as I remember, (looking upon
ngland,) into this complaint:

h, happy isle, how art thou changed and cursed,
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
hen peace, which had forsook the world around,
righted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee, for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement, chose,
Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
o wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose:
hen all the riches of the globe beside
Flow'd in to thee with every tide;
hen all that nature did thy soil deny,
he growth was of thy fruitful industry;
When all the proud and dreadful sea,
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee;
hen all the liquid world was one extended Thames:
hen plenty in each village did appear,
And bounty was its steward there;
hen gold walk'd free about in open view,
re it one conquering party's prisoner grew;

When the religion of our state
Had face and substance with her voice,
Ere she, by her foolish loves of late,
Like Echo (once a nymph) turn'd only into noise

When men to men respect and friendship bore,
And God with reverence did adore ;
When upon earth no kingdom could have shown
A happier monarch to us than our own :
And yet his subjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Received by any vulgar ear,
A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than

Thou dost a chaos, and confusion now, .
A Babel, and a Bedlam grow ;
And, like a frantic person, thou dost tear
The ornaments and clothes which thou shoul
wear,
And cut thy limbs ; and, if we see
(Just as thy barbarous Britons did)
Thy body with hypocrisy
Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame
hid.

The nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile) :
They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas !
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.
Art thou the country, which didst hate
And mock the French inconstancy ?
And have we, have we seen of late
Less change of habits there, than governments
thee ?

Unhappy isle ! no ship of thine at sea,
Was ever toss'd and torn like thee.
Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat ;
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat.
What did thy foolish pilots ail,
To lay the compass quite aside ?
Without a law or rule to sail,
And rather take the winds than heavens, to be their
guide ?

Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating isle from shipwreck save ;
And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,
It well deserve to sink into the main ;
Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer,
(The royal martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, perishing vessel spare.
Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below.

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition ; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth,* as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked ; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it ; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was

* —out of the earth.] i. e. from a low and plebeian original.

the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon him. His eyes were like burning brass; and the three crowns of the same metal (as I guess that looked as red-hot too, upon his head) held in his right hand a sword that was yet and nevertheless the motto of it was *Par bello*; and in his left hand a thick book, back of which was written, in letters of gold Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and unexpected sight might have quelled a greater courage, yet so it pleased God (for there is bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not daunted, but asked him resolutely and "What art thou?" And he said, "I am the north-west principality, his highness, protector of the commonwealth of England, Ireland, and the dominions belonging unto; for I am that angel, to whom the Lord has committed the government of those territories, which thou seest from this place." I answered and said, "If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past his highness has been absent from your charge, not only if any angel, but if any wise and good man had since that time been our governor, he should not have wandered thus long in the various and endless labyrinths of confusion; but should not have entered at all into them, or at least should have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way."

* The idea of this gigantic figure seems taken from the frontispiece to Hobbes's *Leviathan*.—Hurd.

but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard the Third to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer.* Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks, which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector—"and, as I was proceeding, methought, his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him "that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know."

At which he told me "that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the

* Meaning the Commonwealth.

English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world, which gives me a just title to the defence and reputation; since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had the management of the affairs of that country committed to my charge, pray, countryman," said he, very kindly, and flatteringly, "for I would not have you fall in with the general error of the world, that detests and despises so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean birth and fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raise him to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so probable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power and boldness to put his prince and master to an ignominious and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the sanction and wages of a parliament; to trample upon the laws too as he pleased, and spurn them out of countenance when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up his throne above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to seduce his parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal force both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of

earth ; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth ; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant ; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them ; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity ; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad ; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity : and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world ; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs." *

By this speech I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was ; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recog-

* Mr. Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but *altered*, as he says, *in some particulars, from the original*, in his history of Great Britain. I know not why he should think any alterations necessary. They are chiefly in the style, which surely wanted no improvement ; or, if it did, posterity would be more pleased to have this curious fragment transmitted to them in the author's own words, than in the choicest phrase of the historian.—*Hurd*.

dition of my baptism* in Christ,) I grew a bolder, and replied in this manner: "I should venture to oppose what you are pleased to commendation of the late great, and (I consider) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel; and if such you be, I may be you have spoken all this rather to try to tempt my frailty: for sure I am, that we should renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Testament, and those which are the foundation both, even the laws of moral and natural honour if we approve of the actions of that man who I suppose you commend by irony.

"There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but to sum up a part of it briefly: What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as yourself, to commend him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt him above, but to trample upon, all his equals and inferiors? to pretend freedom for all men, and use the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what? two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not

* —of my baptism.] In virtue of which, he was enabled to fight against sin, the world, and the devil.—*Hurd.*

whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up counsels of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for the king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously and supplant ingrately his own general* first, and afterwards most of those officers, who, with the loss of their honour and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally; and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, "in itself is nothing,") and

* Sir T. Fairfax.

make the very streets of London like the wall of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men* as sacrifice to his Molochship? to seek to ent this usurpation upon his posterity, and with an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by t severest judgment of Almighty God, to die h dened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the cur of the present age, and the detestation of all to s ceed?"

Though I had much more to say (for the life man is so short, that it allows not time enough speak against a tyrant); yet, because I had a mi to hear how my strange adversary would beha himself upon this subject, and to give even t devil (as they say) his right and fair play in a di putation, I stopped here, and expected, not witho the frailty of a little fear, that he should have bro into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite: b he, on the contrary, very calmly, and with the dov like innocency of a serpent that was not yet warm enough to sting, thus replied to me:

"It is not so much out of my affection to th person whom we discourse of (whose greatness too solid to be shaken by the breath of an oratory as for your own sake, honest countryman, whon conceive to err rather by mistake than out of m

* By burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice, &c.] only means, that some persons suffered the customary de of traitors, under the protector's government. But w then this tragical outcry on I know not what sacrifice Moloch? Cromwell was a tyrant, no doubt, but surely a cruel or sanguinary tyrant. In this, and some other stances, the author's resentment gets the better of his diction.—Hurd.

lice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And, in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal,

“ Οὐχ’ οἷαν καταμνησιν ἐκ ἀνδρῶν συστασθαι,”

’Tis wicked, with insulting feet, to tread
Upon the monuments of the dead.

And the intention of the reproof there is no less proper for this subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived.”

“ Your highness may please,” said I, “ to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject :

Whom God’s just doom and their own sins have sent
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to be the rule in the case; that when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living: that the curses, which only remain in men’s thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants (because they are tyrants), whilst they are so, may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else, in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other men’s tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation, that

a man can hardly resist it, be he never so forewarned of the evil consequences; much he find not only the concurrence of the present the approbation too of following ages, which the liberty to judge more freely. The mischievous tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time it can continue; it is endless and insupportable; the example be to reign too; and if a Lord must be invited to follow the steps of a Cromwell as well by the voice of honour, as by the sword, power and riches. Though it may seem to be done fantastically, yet was it wisely done of the commons, to implead with the forms of their own justice, to condemn and destroy even the statues of all their tyrants: if it were possible to cut the thread of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but they have left behind them too deep wounds never closed up without a scar, at least let there be such a mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less afflicted with their lasting ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And that your highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of any animosity against the person of the late professor, I assure you, upon my faith, that I bear no hatred to his name, than I do to that of Marcus Tullius Cicero, who never did me or any friend of mine the least injury: and with that, transported by fury, I fell into this sudden rapture:

Cursed be the man (what do I wish? as thou
The wretch already were not so:

But cursed on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his countrey* to enslave,
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The balance of a nation ;
Against the whole but naked state,
Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the
weight.

Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst ;
Who would be rather a great monster, than
A well-proportion'd man :
'The son of earth, with hundred hands,
Upon his three-piled mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky ;
The son of earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign !
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous serpent rise !
But even his fork'd tongue strikes dead :
When he has reared up his wicked head,
He murders with his mortal frown ;
A basilisk he grows, if once he get a crown.

But no guards can oppose assaulting fears,
Or undermining tears,

* Countrey.] This word, in the sense of *patria*, or as including in it the idea of a *civil constitution*, is always spelt by Mr. Cowley, I observe, with an *e* before *y*, *countrey* ; in the sense of *rus*, without an *e*, *country* ; and this distinction, for the sake of perspicuity, may be worth preserving.—*Hurd*.

No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep
The swarming dreams out, when we sleep.
That bloody conscience, too, of his
(For, oh, a rebel red-coat 'tis !)
Does here his early hell begin ;
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within

Let, gracious God, let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod against our land.

A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew
What rivers stain'd with blood have been !
What storm and hail-shot have we seen !
What sores deform'd the ulcerous state !
What darkness, to be felt, has buried us of late !

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away !
And made ev'n of our sons a prey !

What croaking sects and vermin has it sent,
The restless nation to torment !
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locusts, to devour
The land, which every where they fill !

Nor fly they, Lord, away ; no, they devour it still

Come the eleventh plague, rather than this shou
be ;

Come, sink us rather in the sea ;
Come, rather, Pestilence, and reap us down ;
Come, God's sword, rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane :
In all the bonds we ever bore,

We grieved, we sigh'd, we wept ; we never blush
before.

If by our sins the divine justice be
 Call'd to this last extremity,
 Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,
 To try if England can repent.
 Methinks, at least, some prodigy,
 Some dreadful comet from on high,
 Should terribly forewarn the earth,
 As of good princes' death, so of a tyrant's birth."

Here the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I stopped ; and his highness, smiling, said, "I was glad to see you engaged in the enclosure of metro ; for, if you had stayed in the open plain of declaiming against the word tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, countryman, to avoid this sciomachy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, sir, what you mean by the name of tyrant ; for I remember that, among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your *juvans pater*) is so termed ; and, perhaps, as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it, upon better consideration, to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind ; at least, it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person, who is now the subject of our discourse."

"I call him (said I) a tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow-citizens without any legal authority over them ; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction or tormenting of them : so that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part,

of that power which they assume to themselves: and no less are they to be accounted rebels; since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those laws which were his superiors: and in all these senses, no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleased to defend; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it: and, if lawful princes have been esteemed tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have been left them, as the sphere of their authority, by their forefathers; what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious of our princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescribed and observed before) was pleased (out of great modesty) to set to himself; not abstaining from rebellion and usurpation even against his own laws, as well as those of the nation?"

"Hold, friend, (said his highness, pulling *me* by my arm) for I see your zeal is transporting you again: whether the protector were a tyrant in this exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see another day. It is requisite to examine, first, whether he was so in the usurpation of it; and I say, that not he, but no man else ever was, or can be so, and for these reasons: first, because all power belongeth only to God, who is the source and fountain of

as kings are of all honours in their dominions; princes are but his viceroys in the little provinces of this world, and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny which is not legible to you men below; neither is it more unlawful for Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning: men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one or the preferment of the other: secondly, because all power is attained, either by the election and consent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion); or else by a conquest of them (and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant); so that either this title is right, and then there are no usurpers; or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world: thirdly, (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his highness,) the government of England was totally broken and dissolved and extinguished by

the confusions of a civil war ; so that his highness could not be accused to have possessed him violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably reared up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former ; and he who, after a deplorable shipwreck, can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces, and with no less wonderful art and felicity join them as to make a new vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his highness had), by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider, lastly, (for I will add a multitude of weighty things that might be taken upon this noble argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what incredible diligence and invincible courage, must necessarily have concurred in the person of that man who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I have served before), and through so many thousand difficulties, was able, not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland (which the whole force of the nation joined with the Roman virtue, could never have done), and to crown all this with illustrious and heroic undertakings and successes upon all our foreign enemies : do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious actions were a better title to imperial dignity, than the blood of a hundred royal progenitors ; and

rather lament that he lived not to overcome more nations, than envy him the conquest and dominion of these."

"Whoever you are (said I, my indignation making me somewhat bolder), your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel, as Cromwell's actions did that of a protector. It is upon these principles, that all the great crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time and in my own country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into the woods, and equally there stand upon our guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts; for if there can be no usurpation upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and if the robbers of countreys be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves, and banditos, and murderers, are his under officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power; and it is no less true, that he is the creator of serpents as well as angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends, even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for and patronize in England: but would you infer from thence, that the power of the devil is a just and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand, as it were, of his goodness, and others from the le

hand of his justice ; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes overrun and ruined by the other : and (to continue a little farther, the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till, either by our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

“ But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude : If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland in the place of the late lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have shewed me from our common sovereign that sent him ; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England : but that he was so far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him.

“ Your second argument is, that he had the same right for his authority that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us ? did we furnish him with arms only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them), and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends ? did we fight for liberty against our prince, that we might become slaves to our servant ? This is such an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for *him* had ever the face to mention. Though it can

hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves.

“The right certainly of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared and the victory obtained; so that no whole nation can be said to be conquered, but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from stating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person or party, which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it: neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our country that raises men in the quarrel; our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorises the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder: lastly, it is our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their general; so that to say, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say the country conquers itself: and if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army by which he is made so is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory by which they lose both their honour and liberty: so that if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent, and what that was must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors and disaffected persons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his people. It was not then against the people: it is

so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their service; or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whose service (if there had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his majesty? and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by savages and cannibals? Was it for king and parliament that we fought? and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an-usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title; but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another, sometimes justly; and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them), and not as particular rebels to their countrey, which is, and ought always to be, their superior and their lord. If perhaps we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad (as no doubt there have been many usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner); ^{as} I can say for them is, that their title was very ^{well} ~~well~~ till, by length of time, and the death of all;

pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one.

“Your third defence of his highness (as your highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest ; for then a man may say any thing. The government was broken : who broke it ? It was dissolved : who dissolved it ? It was extinguished : who was it but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it ? as if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house, because it is better that he, than that only rats, should live there. Jesus God ! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start, and trembled ; but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed : but the heirs (blessed be God !) are yet surviving, and likely to outlive all heirs of their dispossession, besides their infamy. “Rode, caper, vitem,” &c. There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire, only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one ? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness ; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion : he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel (the sovereign of the seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe ; and thought only, with some

scattered planks of that great shipw better fisherboat for himself: but that by the drowning of the master self treacherously knocked on the swimming for his life), by the flight of others, and cowardly patience of company, that all was abandoned to with the old hulk, and new misagreeing pieces of his own, he made ado, that piratical vessel which was command, and which, how tight may best be judged by its perpetual

“First then (much more wicked. ish daughters in the fable, who cut into pieces, in hope by charms to make him young and lusty again) deavoured to destroy the building, imagine in what manner, with what workmen or what architect, built: secondly, if he had dreamed able to revive that body which he had been but the insupportable insolent mountebank: and thirdly (to us nearest), that very new thing out of the ruins of the old, is not original, either for beauty, use, or an artificial plant, raised by the mist, is comparable to the true which he first burnt, that out of it might produce an imperfect similitude making.

“Your last argument is such (a syllogism), that the major proposition *make strange work in the world if*

for truth ; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation, has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family. What would become of us, when every man in England should lay his claim to the government ? and truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea when he seems to have begun his ambition ; there were few persons besides, that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits ; that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the public, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days) ; and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky era of our own misfortunes, which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great, "*Nostrâ miseriâ magnus es.*" But because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this ; that all men who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel ; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

"I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence), that when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great

OLIVER CROMWELL.

visions and changes in the world, it usually
 sees God to make it appear, by the manner of
 m, that they are not the effects of human force
 policy, but of the divine justice and predesti-
 tion: and though we see a man, like that which
 we call Jack of the clock-house, striking, as it
 were, the hour of that fulness of time; yet our
 reason must needs be convinced that the hand is
 moved by some secret, and to us who stand with-
 out, invisible, direction: and the stream of the
 current is then so violent, that the strongest men
 in the world cannot draw up against it, and none
 are so weak but they may sail down with it. These
 are the spring tides of public affairs which we see
 often happen, but seek in vain to discover any cer-
 tain causes:

—*Omnia fluminis
 Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
 Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
 In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
 Stirpesque raptas, et pecus et domos
 Volventis unâ, non sine montium
 Clamore, vicinæque silvæ;
 Cum fera diluvies quietos*

Hor. 3 Carm. xxix.

Irritat amnes.

And one man then, by maliciously opening all the
 sluices that he can come at, can never be the
 author of all this (though he may be as guilty as
 really he were, by intending and imagining to
 so); but it is God that breaks up the flood-gate
 so general a deluge, and all the art then and
 industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up
 and ramparts against it. In such a time it was as
 that not all the wisdom and power of the

senate, nor the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their countrey or themselves against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman.* The valour and prudent counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world by a very dream; and the other loses both at once by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight:† and though this be not always so; for we see that in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent men in nature; as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio, and his contemporaries, for his chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work (the end of this being not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons); yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him), or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to

* —a beardless boy and voluptuous madman.] Octavius and Antony.

† —a dream—and the shortness of his sight.] It was owing to a dream of his physician, that Octavius saved his life (by quitting his tent, where he was sick, in a critical moment), and assisted at the battle of Philippi, which gained him the whole world. Cassius's death, and the ill success at Philippi, was owing to a mistake which this general fell into, by the shortness of his sight.

do harm) ; but he makes the Massanellos and the Johns of Leyden the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Afric to correct the pride of the Egyptians, but called for his armies of locusts out of Æthiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust : and because you see a whole country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of foxes and the courage of lions ?

“ It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England ; and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events : first, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused be made again the head of the corner ; for, when the indisposed and long-tormented commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mountebanks, it is to be supposed it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician ; especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do,

I do every day more and more, and might
ne perfectly long since) that no usurpation
what name or pretext soever) can be kept
out open force, nor force without the con-
e of those oppressions upon the people,
will at last tire out their patience, though it
t even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull
poverty and hunger begin to whet their
anding) as not to find out this no extra-
y mystery; that it is madness in a nation to
ee millions a year for the maintaining of
rvitude under tyrants, when they might live
nothing under their princes. This, I say,
; always lie hid even to the slowest capaci-
nd the next truth they will discover after-
is, that a whole people can never have the
thout having at the same time the power, to
themselves: thirdly, it does not look, me-
as if God had forsaken the family of that
om whom he has raised up five children of
nent virtue, and all other commendable
s, as ever lived perhaps (for so many to-
and so young) in any other family in the
world; especially if we add hereto this con-
on, that by protecting and preserving some
already through as great dangers as ever
st with safety, either by prince or private per-
has given them already (as we may reason-
pe it to be meant) a promise and earnest of
ire favours: and lastly (to return closely to
ourse from which I have a little digressed)
: I see nothing of those excellent parts of
and mixture of merit with their vices, in
e disturbers of our peace and happiness,

that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

“And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, nor any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it; and certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by men's actions, or of the latter than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm even amongst his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print, which remains upon a sad record for him, is such as a satire against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties, which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this; that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries), I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to

believe him at last ; neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player, by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage, I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the actors and the door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess, that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries even diabolical) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends ; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them ; which made them who had to do with him, believe that he was rather a well meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty and malicious impostor. That these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry (as you term it), I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep. How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us : " Their feet run to evil, and they make

haste to shed innocent blood," Isai. lix. 7. "He travels with iniquity," Psal. vii. 14. "He deviseth mischief upon his bed," Psal. xxxiv. 4. "They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search," Psal. lxiv. 6. and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs too, are all asleep?

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all to awaken sin:
The adulterer and the thief his larum has within.

—And if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure Faux and his fellow gunpowder friends will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour; neither can I doubt but, if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold, unquestionably, for a man, in defiance of all human and divine laws (and with so little probability, of a long impunity), so publicly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation, and

afterwards even of his own making ; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking, so many parliaments ; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries ; it was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to usurp this tyranny to himself, and impudent, above all impudences, to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue), that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession : in both which last cases there use frequent examples to appear, of such extraordinary force, as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell ; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief nobility of the empire ; it was boldly done, to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his harp whilst he saw it burning. I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person (for why should not he, too, be called so ?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

“ It would look, I must confess, like envy, or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of ; I am confident it was not : and yet I may ven-

ture, I think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories at the rate of fewer wounds and dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations.

“What then shall we say? that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so, indeed, in a great measure, by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But, truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

“We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his labyrinths) to the supreme usurped authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you, in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these: and we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestic actions. The first of his foreign was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home). Who would not imagine, at first glimpse, that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances, without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages

that this country could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the vales of his protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies, both by sea and land—this great alligator. To satisfy our Anti-Solomon (who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones, in his new Jerusalem), we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical Ophir. And because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate prince (the Faustus, as well as Sylla, of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings), I desire them to consider how, since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Faustus; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their country (though a great army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling) should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the conquest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the victory, because, though they had *fled out of the field of battle*, yet they quartered

that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly; and how much we have gotten by it, let the custom-house and exchange inform you: and if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet (which, indeed, nobody else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do), at least let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships.

“But because it may here, perhaps, be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory than St. Domingo for his disadvantage, I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sat still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that for less money than he in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England, not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprises abroad, let us examine, in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home.

“And, first, he found the commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about 800,000 pounds; he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions

and a half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it: and yet not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation; * which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people: which, because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole book † written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author, when you would recollect

* Decimation.] By *decimation* is here meant, not the putting to death of every *tenth man* (which is the usual sense of this term), but the levying of the *tenth penny* on the estates of the royalists. I find the word so used by sir J. Denham, among whose poems there is one, entitled, "On my lord Croft's and my journey into Poland, from whence we brought 10,000*l.* for his majesty, by the *decimation* of his Scottish subjects there."—But see lord Clarendon's History, vol. iii. p. 443, fol.—*Hurd*.

† A whole book.] I have never seen this book; but suppose it to be the same which was written by the king's command at Cologne, and, most probably, by sir Edward Hyde. —Hist. of the Rebellion, vol. iii. p. 445, fol.—*Hurd*.

all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design, of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London; from which he was rebutted by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod: and for this design, they say, he invented (oh Antichrist! Πονηρον and ὁ Πονηρος!) to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached to the purchase. And this, indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation which had given the first noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had some appearance of gratitude: but he did it only for love of their mammon; and would have sold afterwards, for as much more, St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks, for a *mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common Prayer-book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money, when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was as much robbery as if it had been taken by a thief upon the highways! Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and moss-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's whom he had *met* and been too strong for upon a road? And yet,

when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney,* to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed, the king's regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

“ But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it, and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this is, because those things are now made crimes which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which, if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too

* The case of Mr. Coney.] Which the reader may see in lord Clarendon's History, vol. iii. p. 506, fol.—Hurd.

many to be numbered, and must only be we gross. Let any man shew me (for, though tend not to much reading, I will defy his history), let any man shew me (I say) an of any nation in the world (though much than ours) where there have, in the space years, been made so many prisoners, on the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty tion. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, accursed triumvirate after them, put more to death; but the reason, I think, partly cause in those times, that had a mixture honour with their madness, they thought a civil revenge against a Roman to take away than to take away his liberty. But truly point of murder, too, we have little reason that our late tyranny has been deficient to amplexes that have ever been set it in other. Our judges and our courts of justice have been idle: and, to omit the whole reign of our late (till the beginning of the war), in which no blood was ever drawn but from two or three. I think the longest time of our worst prince saw many more executions than the shortest of our blessed reformer; and we saw and saw our open streets (as I marked to you at the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering sweet savour to our idol. But all murdering all torturing (though after the subtlest invention of his predecessors of Sicily), is more humane more supportable than his selling of our Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them monstrous! oh incredible!) to be slaves in Africa. If his whole life could be reproached with:

action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

“ These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured: for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill befitt mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right and Magna Charta.* To-day you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls, with his servants: this month he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors; and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, “ Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them.” The representative of a whole, nay, of three whole nations, was

* Magna Charta.] In the case of Coney, before-mentioned.

in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this, boldness or brutishness? rashness or frenzy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode; now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore* and *stans pede in uno*); and, to manifest the absolute power of the pottér, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune, that when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himself one of the primest of her jests), found out the true *haut goust* of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! what have we seen, and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London): ‘You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!’

“These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more.

kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them; which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to him than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently, methinks, to be near the end of his deceitful glories: his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never passed of late before his palace (his do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon), but I never passed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, "Mene Mene, Tekel Upharsin."* But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here is at last an end of him. And where is now the fruit of all that blood and calamity which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son, you will say, has the whole crop; I doubt he will find it quickly blasted: I have nothing to say against the gentleman,† or any living of his family: on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inhe-

* Dan. v. 25.

† —nothing to say against the gentleman.] A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell!—*Hurd*.

ritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

Here I stopped; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a laughing, it seems, at the simplicity of my discourse; for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can shew me any acres of your own: but these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a justice of peace in your own countrey: for this, I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing else but either the frowardness of a Cynic, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you, that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be misled out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant and Platonical statesman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Were ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities, or the supreme place attained to by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's politics, and write, if you please, comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel—and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferment. If the desire of rule and superiority be a

virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals; and what is the virtue of any creature, but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it?) if that (I say) be virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing vice, which is the most proper, if not the only, means of attaining of it:

It is a truth so certain and so clear,
That to the first-born man it did appear.
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the fresh laws of nature taught, disdain
That (though a brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He strook him down: and so (said he) so fell
The sheep, which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the offering,
Lest God should my next victim too despise,
The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice.
Hence coward fears! for the first blood so spilt,
As a reward, he the first city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanced, 'twas pity there he stay'd;
One step of glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone:
Had Adam too been kill'd, he might have reign'd
alone.

One brother's death, what do I mean to name,
A small oblation to revenge and fame?
The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to shew
What for a high place a higher spirit can do,
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,

And seventy times in nearest blood he dyed
 (To make it hold) his royal purple pride:
 Why do I name the lordly creature man?
 The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
 When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,
 All that oppose, with manlike courage, slay.
 So Athaliah, when she saw her son,
 And with his life her dearer greatness, gone,
 With a majestic fury slaughter'd all
 Whom high birth might to high pretences call:
 Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
 Resolved to reign alone; resolved, and reign'd.*
 In vain her sex, in vain the laws withstood,
 In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;
 A noble and a bold contention, she
 (One woman) undertook with destiny:
 She to pluck down, destiny to uphold
 (Obliged by holy oracles of old)
 The great Jessæan race on Judah's throne;
 Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown:
 Scarce fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
 Tell me not, she herself at last was slain:
 Did she not first seven years (a life-time) reign?
 Seven royal years to a public spirit will seem
 More than the private life of a Methusalem.
 'Tis godlike to be great; and, as they say,
 A thousand years to God are but a day;
 So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
 The coronation day's more than a thousand years."

* —resolved, and reign'd.] Turned much in the manner of that famous line in Milton—

" Tempt not the Lord thy God: he said, and stood."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies, but that, by God's grace, I became so bold, as thus to interrupt him : " I understand now perfectly (which I guessed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are ; and, though your style in verse be very much mended* since you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish ; whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party."

" My dominion," said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious look, " is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me : and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate malignant ; and for that reason, I shall take you along with me to the next garrison of ours, from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither." I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey :

When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,
From a fair cloud, which rather oped than broke,
A flash of light, rather than lightning, came,
So swift, and yet so gentle, was the flame.

* —your style in verse be very much mended.] This compliment was intended, not so much to the foregoing, as to the following verses, of which the author had reason to be proud ; but, as being delivered in his own person, could not so properly make the panegyric.—Hurd.

Upon it rode (and, in his full career,
 Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here)
 The comeliest youth of all the angelic race;
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
 The frowns, with which he strook the trembling
 fiend,
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend;
 His beams of locks fell part dishevell'd down,
 Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natural crown,
 Such as the British monarchs used to wear;
 If gold might be compared with angels' hair.
 His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
 They seem'd both made of woven silver light :
 Across his breast an azure ruban went,*
 At which a medal hung, that did present,
 In wondrous living figures to the sight,
 The mystic champion's and old dragon's fight ;
 And from his mantle's side there shone afar
 A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.
 In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
 No arms, but the English bloody cross, he bore ;

* Across his breast an azure ruban went.] I observed, that the plan of this discourse was poetical ; and the conclusion is, according to rule—

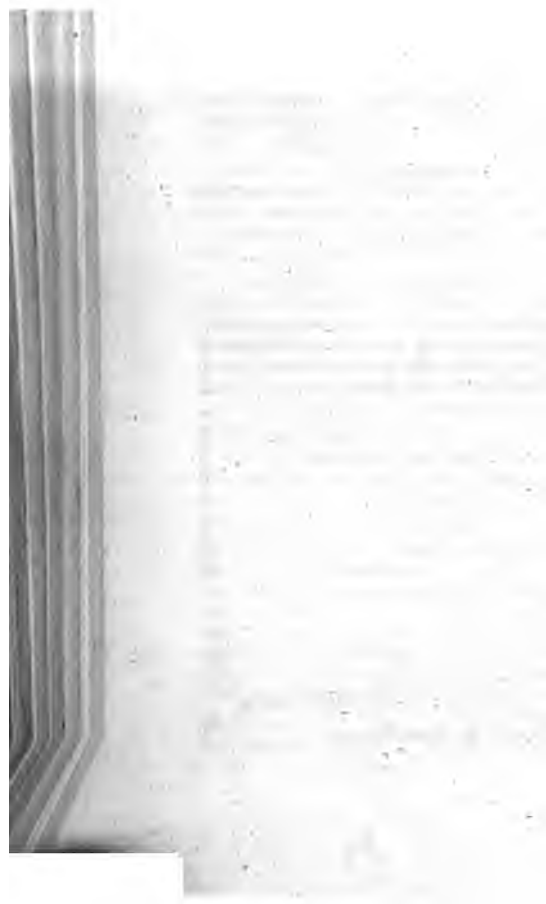
“ Nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
 Inciderit——”

But, to take the full beauty of the contrivance, we are to reflect, that the tutelar genius of England is here introduced, not merely to unravel the intricacy of the scene, but to form a striking contrast to the *foul fiend* who had usurped his place ; and still further, to disgrace the usurper by a portrait of the rightful heir to the British crown, presented to us under an angelic form, and in all the force and beauty of poetic colouring.—Hurd.

Which when he towards the affrighted tyrant bent,
And some few words pronounced (but what they
meant,

Or were, could not, **alas !** by me be known,
Only, I well perceived, Jesus was one)
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away ;
Mad to quit thus his more than hoped-for prey.

Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes
(Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize),
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws :
The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail :
He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone ;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.



INDEX.

No.		Page
I.	Of Liberty	5
	Martial, Lib. I. Ep. lvi.	20
	Martial, Lib. II. Ep. liii.	21
	Martial, Lib. II. Ep. lxxviii.	22
	Ode upon Liberty	23
II.	Of Solitude	28
III.	Of Obscurity	36
	Seneca, ex Thyeste, Act. II. Chor.	40
IV.	Of Agriculture	41
	Virgil, Georg. Lib. II. 458.	54
	Horace, Epod. Od. 2.	59
	Horace, Lib. II. Sat. 6.	61
	Horace, Lib. I. Ep. 10.	65
	Horace, Lib. IV. <i>Plantarum</i>	68
V.	The Garden	70
VI.	Of Greatness	81
	Horace, Lib. III. Od. 1.	91
VII.	Of Avarice	94
	Horace, Lib. I. Sat. i.	97
	Horace, Lib. III. Od. xvi.	100
VIII.	The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Com- pany	104
	Claudian's Old Man of Verona	111

No.

- IX. The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty
 Riches
- X. The Danger of Procrastination
 Martial, Lib. V. Ep. lix.
 Martial, Lib. II. Ep. xc.
- XI. Of Myself
 Martial, Lib. X. Ep. xlvii.
 Martial, Lib. X. Ep. xevi.
 Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris
- A Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Govern-
 ment of Oliver Cromwell

THE END.

T. Davison, Printer, Whitefriars.

ESSAYS
BY
WILLIAM SHENSTONE



LONDON,
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.
1819.



SHENSTONE's

ESSAYS.

I. ON PUBLICATIONS.

It is not unamusing to consider the several apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at least a seeming violation of modesty; a presumption, on the writer's side, that he is able to instruct or to entertain the world; which implies a supposition that he can communicate what they cannot draw from their own reflections.

To remove any prejudice this might occasion has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely solicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader, addressing him by the most tender and endearing appellations: he is in general styled the most loving, candid, and courteous creature that ever breathed; with a view, doubtless, that he will deserve the compliment, and that his favour may be secured at the expense of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a composition; the danger of an imperfect and surreptitious publication; the

pressing and indiscreet instances of friends ; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance ; with the irresistible commands of persons in high life ; have been excuses often substituted in place of the real motives, vanity and hunger.

The most allowable reasons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amusement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man possessed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean-spirited miser that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates ! the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it (I mean only amusing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

When a writer's private interest appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger scope for accusation, if he be a sufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be said to vend, has room enough to complain if he be disappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge but ridicule ; and, contrary to the practice in other cases, to make the worst of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts upon a man of genius, the case appears to stand thus : The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe, with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is grounded on comparison.

Every one, then, is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority, and to disallow his pretensions upon the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but it is plain he renders the capacity of the other more discernible. Examination, however, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame; where, though a writer be awhile detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in his return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it (for there is no previous test on this occasion), he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology. When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a penny-worth for his penny, and has reason to asperse his honesty if he finds himself deceived: also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people. When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit what it will probably lose in point of modesty: otherwise, we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius, and depress our character while we strive to raise it.

After all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

II. ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

I HAPPEN to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academic.

Says the citizen, "I am told continually of taste refinement, and politeness; but, methinks, the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely find a landscape, a building, or a play, that has charm for the critic exclusive of the mechanic: but, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not, indeed, be capable of giving the reason why a composition pleases them; that mechanic distinction they leave to the connoisseur: but they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator."

Says the courtier, "I cannot answer for every individual instance; but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to the implicit reliance on the skill of their superior and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves."

"It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do: but then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and then

demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

"It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. 'Such a soup or olio,' say they, 'is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it.'

"But in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading.

"Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counterparts: their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man.

"How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history! and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them.

"I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions. What I have said may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion they are seldom right."

The academic spoke little, but to the purpose; asserting that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging: that a clown of native taste enough to relish Handel's Messiah might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more: that an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty

sure of numbers for a time. If he write abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of readers; but he will have a chance for applause as will more sensibly affect his writer than in his first performances. No idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause let him address him to the judicious few; profit and the mob will follow. His first on the stage of letters will engross the compliments; and his latter will partake of equal huzza.

III. ON ALLOWING MERIT IN OTHERS.

A CERTAIN gentleman was expressing the following :

"I confess I have no great taste for poetry if I had, I am apt to believe I should read more of Mr. Pope. The rest arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and, the poetry of that stamp can afford but slender satisfaction."

"I know not," says another, "what is the gentleman's motive to give this opinion; but persuaded numbers pretend the same through jealousy or envy."

"A reader considers an author as one who claims to a superior genius. He is ever in dispute it, because, if he happen to invite the title, he has at least one superior the less; though a man's absolute merit may not determine the inferiority of another, yet his comparison *varies* in regard to that of other people. *Therefore*, is ever attentive to pursue."

of admitting no more into the class of superior than it is impossible to exclude. Could it even the number to one, they would soon attempt to dermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refused honours, but that the very constraint, and even dity, of people's shutting their eyes, grew as necessary to them as that excellence, which, open, they could not but discover.

But self-love obtains its wishes in another respect

It hereby not only depresses the characters of men that have wrote, but stifles the genius of men as might hereafter rise from amongst our in-

Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praises which a nation enamoured of poetry would bestow on one who excelled in it: but let us consider Parnassus as a republic than a monarchy; where, although some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, yet others may possess land as fruitful, equal cultivation.

On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of soil, and the extent of its fertility, must remain covered, if the gentleman's desponding principles should meet with approbation.

Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would call consolidating or condensing sentences, yet preserving ease and perspicuity. In smoothness of verse, indeed, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, he excelled.

Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be deemed our truest models, Mr. Pope is much more, and less simple, than his own Horace appears in his writings: more witty, and less simple, than the modern monsieur Boileau, who claimed

the merit of uniting the style of Juvenal and Persius with that of Horace.

"Satire gratifies self-love. This was one source of his popularity; and he seems even so very conscious of it, as to stigmatize many inoffensive characters.

"The circumstance of what is called alliteration, and the nice adjustment of the pause, have conspired to charm the present age, but have at the same time given his verses a very cloying peculiarity.

"But, perhaps, we must not expect to trace the flow of Waller, the landscape of Thomson, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakspeare, the simplicity of Spenser, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, the spirit, and sublimity of Milton, joined in any single writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, should allow some praise to those who shine in any branch of it, and only range them into classes according to that species in which they shine.

"Quare agite, O juvenes!"

Banish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the disingenuity of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into a hermit, but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence."

IV. THE IMPROMPTU.

THE critics, however unable to fix the time which it is most proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have universally agreed that some certain space is not to be exceeded. Concerning this,

Aristotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely silent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greatest epic writers; that, if they could not frame a law, they might at least establish a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, say they, confined the action of his *Iliad*, or rather his action may be reduced, to the space of two months. His *Odyssey*, according to Bossu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's *Æneid* has raised very different opinions in his commentators. Tasso's poem includes a summer. But leaving such knotty points to persons that appear born for the discussion of them, let us endeavour to establish laws that are more likely to be obeyed than controverted. An epic writer, though limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no sort of restraint with regard to the time he takes to finish his poem. Far different is the case with a writer of *impromptus*. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can possibly take in his composition, but is rigidly circumscribed with regard to the space in which it is completed: and no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this composition, its peculiar merit must ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.

It appears, indeed, to me to have the nature of that kind of salad, which certain eminent adepts in chemistry have contrived to raise while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to blame its unusual flatness and insipidity, but extol the flavour it has, considering the time of its vegetation.

An *extemporaneous* poet, therefore, is to be

judged as we judge a race-horse; no fulness of his motion, but the time to finish his course. The best critic will err in determining his precise degree, he have neither a stop-watch in his hand nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more serious. An essay ought to be examined by a critic or a medium compounded of its real and its shortness of the time that is employed in its production. By this rule, even Virgil's *Georgics* in some sort deemed extemporaneous, he took to perfect so extraordinary a piece considered with its real worth, rather than the time employed to write *Cosconius*.

On the other hand, I cannot allow the flashes of my friend S**** in his poems which have no sort of claim to be permanent besides their instantaneity.

Having ever made it my ambition to be distinguished for something unexpected, or, in some respects, peculiar, I acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to Concetti. I have stung folks with paradoxes, amused them with acrostics, puzzled them with rebusses, and distracted them with digressions, maintained only for me to succeed in that for which I was utterly disqualified by my slowness of apprehension.

Still desirous, however, of the improvement to grow distinguished for an extempore performance, Apollo to that purpose in a dream was as follows: "That whatever

either written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous production, shall be said or written within the time that the author supports himself on one leg: that Horace had explained his meaning, by the phrase, 'stans pede in uno:' and forasmuch as one man may persevere in the posture longer than another, he would recommend it to all candidates for this extraordinary accomplishment, that they would habituate themselves to study in no other attitude whatsoever."

Methought I received his answer with the utmost pleasure as well as veneration; hoping that however I was debarred of the acumen requisite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in standing on one leg.

V. A HUMOURIST.

To form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumstances. It were superfluous to evince that the same objects which one despises, are frequently to another the substantial source of admiration. The man of business and the man of pleasure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has less charms for some than they can discover in a butterfly. The more candid and sage observer condemns neither for his pursuits, but for the derision he so profusely lavishes upon the disposition of his neighbour. He concludes that schemes infinitely various were at

first intended for our pursuit and pleasure; and that some find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of lord chief justice.

Having premised thus much, I proceed to give some account of a character which came within the sphere of my own observation.

Not the entrance of a cathedral, not the sound of a passing bell, not the furs of a magistrate, nor the sables of a funeral, were fraught with half the solemnity of face!

Nay, so wonderfully serious was he observed to be on all occasions, that it was found hardly possible to be otherwise in his company. He quashed the loudest tempest of laughter whenever he entered the room; and men's features, though ever so much roughened, were sure to grow smooth at his approach.

The man had nothing vicious, or even ill-natured in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial conversation: the young, the gay, found their spirits fly before him. Even the kitten and the puppy, as it were by instinct, would forego their frolics, and be still. The depression he occasioned was like that of a damp or vitiated air. Unconscious of any apparent cause, you found your spirits sink insensibly: and were any one to sit for the picture of ill-luck, it is not possible the painter could select a more proper person.

Yet he did not fail to boast of a superior share of reason, even for the want of that very faculty, risibility, with which it is supposed to be always joined.

Indeed, he acquired the character of the most

ingenious person of his country, from this meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great discovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was writing somewhat for posterity, completed his reputation.

Numbers would have willingly depreciated his character, had not his known sobriety and reputed sense deterred them.

He was one day overheard at his devotions, returning his most fervent thanks for some particularities in his situation, which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

"Accept," said he, "the gratitude of thy most humble, yet most happy creature, not for silver or gold, the tinsel of mankind, but for those amiable peculiarities which thou hast so graciously interwoven both with my fortune and my complexion; for those treasures so well adapted to that frame of mind thou hast assigned me.

"That the surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun.

"That it runs chiefly upon vowels and liquids.

"That I have a picturesque countenance rather than one that is esteemed of regular features.

"That there is an intermediate hill, intercepting my view of a nobleman's seat, whose ill-obtained superiority I cannot bear to recollect.

"That my estate is overrun with brambles, resounds with cataracts, and is beautifully varied with rocks and precipices, rather than an even cultivated spot, fertile of corn, or wine, or oil, or those kinds of productions in which the sons of men delight themselves.

"That as thou dividest thy bounties impartially, giving riches to one, and the contempt of riches to another, so thou hast given me, in the midst of poverty, to despise the insolence of riches; and by declining all emulation that is founded upon wealth, to maintain the dignity and superiority of the Muses.

"That I have a disposition, either so elevated or so ingenious, that I can derive to myself amusement from the very expedients and contrivances with which rigorous necessity furnishes my invention."

"That I can laugh at my own follies, foibles, and infirmities; and that I do not want infirmities to employ this disposition."

This poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the side of a crystal stream, by moonshine. This afterwards terminated in a fever, that was fatal to him. Since his death, I have been favoured with the inspection of his poetry, of which I preserved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

Occasional Poems.

On his dog, that growing corpulent, refused a crust when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches, that had done him excellent service.

Having lost his trusty walking-staff, he complaineth.

To his mistress, on her declaring that she loved parsnips better than potatoes.

On an ear-wig, that crept into a nectarine, that it might be swallowed by Chloë.

On cutting an artichoke in his garden the day
that queen Anne cut her little finger.

Epigram on a wooden peg.

Ode to the memory of the great modern—who
first invented shoe buckles.

VI. THE HERMIT.

(In the manner of Cambray.)

It was in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which most reveres this deity : that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moss ; the violets, refreshed by the moisture of descending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes : but the shower was past ; the sun dispersed the vapours ; and the sky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected ; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them : he would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixed conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper ; and he no less at the vulgar cast of theirs. He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a newspaper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday : in short, he was not void of some ambition ; but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never

censured any one who indulged their humour in-offensively, so he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits which gratified his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned with applause the youths who by merit had arrived at station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity.

There were few, he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would at least be honoured by their descendants, although they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour.

"What a lustre," said he, "does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast upon their remotest progeny! and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcase of nobility?" Yet wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild, uninhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very ex-

tensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscape; fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But these, indeed, were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spires that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea, indeed, appeared to close the scene; though distant as it was, it but little variegated the view: hardly, indeed, were it distinguishable, but for the beams of a descending sun, which at the same time warned our traveller to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived, as much as possible, to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following: "Father," says he, "it is with no small surprise, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as, to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks it was probable you would so have placed it, as to present *them, in all their beauty, to your eye.*"

The hermit made him this answer : " My says he, " the evening approaches, and you deviated from your way. I would not detain you by my story, did I not imagine the would prove a safer guide to you, than that sun which you must otherwise rely upon. therefore for a while into my cave, and I w you then some account of my adventures, will solve your doubts; perhaps, more effect than any method I can propose. But before enter my lone abode, calculated only for the meditation, dare to condemn superfluous rance, and render thyself worthy of the I contemplate.

" Know then, that I owe what the world is to call my ruin (and indeed justly, were it not use which I have made of it) to an assured dence, in a literal sense, upon confused and prospects ; a consideration, which hath ind affected me, that I shall never henceforth a landscape that lies at so remote a distance, to exhibit all its parts. And, indeed, were I t the least pretensions to what your world call I might even then, perhaps, contend that a w criminated landscape was at all times to b ferred to a distant and promiscuous azure.

" I was born in the parish of a nobleman arrived to the principal management of the b of the nation. The heir of his family and were of the same age, and for some time : fellows : I had made considerable advances esteem ; and the mutual affection we enter for each other, did not long remain unobser his family or my own. He was sent early to

travels, pursuant to a very injudicious custom ; and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance : my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity, ' wrung from him his slow leave.' I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense ; but being banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their policies or manners. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly : fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

" We were now returning home from a six years' absence, anticipating the caresses of our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me, in one of his lucid intervals, as follows :

" ' Alas ! my Clytander ! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive.

" ' The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee, much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents ; and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be

but they will prove solicitous in their concerning me: thy narrative will awaken tenderness, and they cannot but conceive their son's companion and his friend. would hope is, that they will render thee vices, in place of those their beloved so thee, and which, I can unfeignedly assure have been only bounded by my power. companion, farewell! All other temptments have I banished from my heart; but ship lingers long, and it is with tears well.'——

“My concern was truly so great, that arrival in my native country, it was not creased by the consideration, that the one whom my hopes depended, was removed from his places. I waited on him; and he apparently grieved that the friendship he had professed could now so little avail me: he recommended me, however, to a friend of his, then of the successful party, and who, assured, would, at his request, assist me with most of his power. I was now in the place which I effectually consumed upon the expense of our court attendance: hopes arose like bubbles upon a stream; as quick one another, as superficial and as vain. I pursued in my pursuit, and rejecting the cool examination, I found the winter approaching, and nothing procured to shelter me; when my second patron died, new ones appeared before me, and even my expectations in play. I wished, and retreated sooner; but to retire at last

pensed, and when a few months' attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

“ However, after a few years' more attendance, distributed in equal proportions upon each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once : I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for civility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated, however, for a few weeks on my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged : I thought to content myself with common necessities, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity ; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But, alas ! to my great surprise, the person who supplied my expenses had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy ; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life : I cultivate a few vegetables to support me ; and the little well there is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual ; little able to benefit mankind, but a prey to shame and to confusion, on the first glance of

every eye that knows me. My spirits a something raised by a clear sky, or a me but as to extensive views of the count them well enough exchanged for the-w comfort which this vale affords me. least the proper ambition of age, and it edly my supreme one.

“ Yet will I not permit you to depart I mit, without one instructive lesson. Wl tuation in life you ever wish or propose self, acquire a clear and lucid idea of th niences attending it. I utterly contemnected, after a month's experience, the had all my life time been solicitous to pro

VII. ON DISTINCTIONS, ORDERS, AND DI

THE subject turned upon the nature of ranks, orders, and distinctions, amongst

A gentleman of spirit, and of the popul had been long declaiming against any ki nours that tended to elevate a body of peo distinct species from the rest of the nati cularly titles and blue ribands were the his indignation: they were, as he prete invidious an ostentation of superiority; lowed in any nation that styled itself fre was said upon the subject of appearances they were countenanced by law or cust bishop's lawn, the marshal's truncheon ron's robe, and the judge's peruke, were only as necessary substitutes, where genu real courage, native dignity, and suitabl

tion, were wanting to complete the characters of those to whom they were assigned.

It was urged that policy had often effectually made it a point to dazzle in order to enslave; and instances were brought of groundless distinctions borne about in the glare of day by certain persons, who, being stripped of them, would be less esteemed than the meanest plebeian.

He acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honour, had hitherto shown no complaisance to that sex whose softer dispositions rendered them more excusably fond of such peculiarities.

That, in favour of the ladies, he should esteem himself sufficiently happy in the honour of inventing one order, which should be styled, The powerful Order of Beauties.

That their number in Great Britain should be limited to five thousand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who should be styled sovereign of the order, and the rest the companions.

That the instalment should be rendered a thousand times more ceremonious, the dresses more superb, and the plumes more enormous, than those already in use amongst the companions of the garter.

That the distinguishing badge of this order should be an artificial nosegay, to be worn on the left breast, consisting of a lily and a rose, the proper emblems of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree sacred to Venus.

That instead of their shields being affixed to the stalls appointed for this order, there should be a

gallery erected to receive their picture length ; their portraits to be taken by persons of the greatest eminence, and he who was preferred, to be styled A knight and Lily.

That when any person addressed a lady of this order, the style should always be the right beautiful Miss, or lady such-a.

He seemed for some time undetermined they should forfeit their title upon marriage at length, for many reasons, proposed it continued to them.

And thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harangue ; when it was objected, that unless she unaccountably chose to marry for her husband, could take no sort of credit in conferring this honour where it was not due ; that as ladies grew in years, this epithet would burlesque them ; and, in considering the frailty of beauty, there was no compliment that could be bestowed upon them.

At this the orator smiled, and acknowledged it was true ; but asked, at the same time, whether it was more absurd to style a lady right beautiful in the days of her deformity, than to term a person honourable, when he grew a scandal to mankind.

That this was sometimes the case, he did not to be disputed, because titles have sometimes been granted to a worthless son, in consequence of a father's enormous wealth most required. And few had ever surpassed in right honourable the earl of A * * *.

The company was a little surprised at the sophistry of our declaimant. However, it

to by a person present, that lord * * * 's title being fictitious, no one ought to instance him to the disadvantage of the p—rage, who had, strictly speaking, never been of that number.

VIII. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE declaimant, I before mentioned, continued his harangue. "There are," said he, "certain epithets which so frequently occur, that they are the less considered; and which are seldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that present themselves.

"Of this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on its first introduction, was given, I suppose, to freemen, in opposition to vassals; these being the two classes into which the nation was once divided. The freeman was he who was possessed of land, and could therefore subsist without manual labour; the vassal, he who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the necessaries of life. The different manners, we may presume, that sprung from their different situations and connexions, occasioned the one to be denominated a civilized or noble personage, and the other to obtain the name of mere rustic or villain.

But upon the publication of crusades, the state of things was considerably altered: it was then that the freeman distinguished the shield which he bore with some painted emblem or device; and in order that his fellow-combatants might attend to him his proper applause, which, upon

account of similar accoutrements, wise subject to misapplication.

" Upon this there arose a freeman and freeman. All who religious wars continued the usages, but all devices were no same pretensions to military glory.

" However, these campaigns fresh families sprung up; whence to mark themselves with holy combatants, were yet as of estimation, of distinction. enough to trace the steps by blishes even absurdity. A company, to supply the place of crusading imaginary shields and trophies, ever wore real armour; and it has been discovered to have no

" Yet custom is not at once is even now deemed a gentleman, corded in the Herald's office, a follows none, except a liberal.

" Allowing this distinction, I consider, that a churlish, more a lazy, beggarly, sharpening vagabond, inactive sot, or pick-pocket-highwayman, may be nevertheless by law established; in short may, together with others, in the scum, and the dregs of the

" But do we not appear to when we say, ' such or such done in a gentleman-like manner

was not the behaviour of a gentleman,' and so forth? We seem thus to insinuate, that the appellation of gentleman regards morals as well as family; and that integrity, politeness, generosity, and affability, have the truest claim to a distinction of this kind. Whence then shall we suppose was derived this contradiction? Shall we say that the plebeians, having the virtues on their side, by degrees removed this appellation from the basis of family to that of merit, which they esteemed, and not unjustly, to be the true and proper pedestal? This the gentry will scarce allow. Shall we then insist that every thing great and godlike was heretofore the achievement of the gentry? But this, perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

"To reconcile the difference, let us suppose the denomination may belong equally to two sorts of men: the one, what may be styled a gentleman *de jure*, viz. a man of generosity, politeness, learning, taste, genius, or affability; in short, accomplished in all that is splendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable, on the one side; and on the other, a gentleman *de facto*, or what, to English readers, I would term a gentleman as by law established.

"As to the latter appellation, what is really essential, or, as logicians would say, 'quarto modo proprium,' is a real, or at least a specious claim to the inheritance of certain coat-armour from a second or more distant ancestor; and this unstained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

"We may discover, on this state of the case, that however material a difference this distinction sup-

SHENSTONE'S ESSAYS.

poses, yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman *de jure* to render himself in some sort a gentleman *de facto*. A certain sum of money, deposited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rouge-dragon, will convey to him a coat of arms. On the other hand, the gentleman *de facto* may become a gentleman also *de jure*, by the acquisition of certain virtues, which are rarely all of them unattainable. The latter, I must acknowledge, is the more difficult task; at least, we may daily discover crowds acquire sufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that possess the virtues which ennoble human nature, and (in the best sense of the word) constitute a gentleman."

IX. A CHARACTER.

HE was a youth so amply furnished with excellence of mind, that he seemed alike capable of acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune; had indeed all the learning and erudition he derived from universities, without the bad and ill manners which are too often their concomitants. What few or none acquire by the most industry, he possessed by nature; I mean, a good sense of taste, which disposed him to a just estimate of the great variety of appearance, not unobserved by him, either in the countenance or the integrity of a moral action. His presence in a dance, and the complete flower, afforded him sensation

beauty which inferior geniuses are taught coldly to distinguish, or to discern rather than feel. He could trace the excellences both of the courtier and the student, who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obscure so great accomplishments, beside the want, the total want, of a desire to exhibit them : through this it came to pass, that what would have raised another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him passed over unregarded : for, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself on what you intend should be remarked by others ; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in some degree diminished his knowledge of the world, or rather the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students ; and this he would in some degree have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness (since his modesty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency indeed constitutes, and is inseparable from, its value. He gave delight by a happy boldness in the extirpation of common prejudices, which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humorously ridicule : and he had such entire possession of the hearts, as well as understandings, of his friends, that he could soon make the most surprising paradoxes believed and well accepted. His image, like that of a sovereign, could give an addi-

tional value to the most precious ore ; and sooner believed our eyes that it was he who said it, than we as readily believed whatever he said. In this he differed from W***r, though the talents of rendering the greatest virtues envied ; whereas the latter shone more in making his very faults agreeable : I mean in regard to those few he had to exercise his skill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

X. ON RESERVE.—A FRAGMENT

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. "There is not," says he, "one quality so inconsistent with respect, as commonly called familiarity. You do not find in fifty whose regard is proof against it. At the same time, it is hardly possible to insist upon a deference as will render you ridiculous, and is supported by common sense. Thus much is evident ; that your demands will be so great as to procure a greater share than if you had no such demand. I may frankly own to Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness from a familiarity with such persons as despise what they could obtain with ease. We are better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our obligingness ; at least, to allot it only to the few ; and discernment who can make the proper distinction *betwixt* real dignity and pretended ; to neg-

characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are at the same time very far from familiarity proof? to have posthumous fame in view, which affords us the most pleasing landscape? to enjoy the amusement of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem? to preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men? to shun all illiterate, though ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present, and upon reflection painful? to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted? to partake, with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement—Are not these the paths that lead to happiness?"

In answer to this (for he seemed to feel some late mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from society but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar that he saw.

What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse upon the subject, without order or connexion, as they occur to my remembrance.

Some reserve is a debt to prudence, as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-nature.

There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest: yet, even then, it did prove expedient. For, in order to attain any

degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

It is on this depends one of the excellences of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: and such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniously observes, affords the pleasure when we survey a cylinder; * and sir John Suckling says,

“ They who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich who cannot tell his store.”

A person that would secure to himself great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence, as effectually as by any thing he can say.

To be, however, a niggard of one's observation, is so much worse than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the same time.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their respect to real desert; but a supercilious reserve and distance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears so very manifest to many persons of the lofty character, that they use no better means to acquire respect, than, like highwaymen, make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the most part of their character.

It is from the same principle of distance nations are brought to believe that their

* Treatise of the Sublime and Beautiful.

duke knoweth all things: as is the case in some countries.

“ Men, while no human form or fault they see,
Excuse the want of ev’n humanity;
And Eastern kings, who vulgar views disdain,
Require no worth to fix their awful reign.
You cannot say in truth what may disgrace ’em.
You know in what predicament to place ’em.
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal’d,
Ev’n virtue charms us less than vice conceal’d.

“ For some small worth he had, the man was prized;
He added frankness—and he grew despised.”

We want comets, not ordinary planets;

“ *Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.*”—*Terence.*

“ *Hunc cælum, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti spectent.*”

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The reserved man’s intimate acquaintance are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character, i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one’s guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The most reserved of men, that will : two syllables together in an English ; should they meet at Ispahan, would d and eat a mess of rice together.

The man of show is vain : the rese proud more properly. The one has gr the other a more lively imagination. more frequently respected ; the other rally beloved. The one a Cato ; the ot Vide Sallust.

What Cæsar said of " Rubicundos ar timeo ;" may be applied to familiarity serve.

A reserved man often makes it a r company with a good speech, and, I be times proceeds so far, as to leave comp he has made one. Yet it is fate oft mole, to imagine himself déep, when h surface.

Were it prudent to decline this rese horror of disclosing foibles ; to give u character to secure the rest ? The we tainly insist upon having some part to p Let us throw out some follies to the we give up counters to a highwayman to a whale, in order to save one's mon ship ; to let it make exceptions to or hair, if one can escape being stabbed in

The reserved man should drink doub

Prudent men lock up their motives ; liars have a key to their heart, as to th

A reserved man is in continual confi social part of his nature, and even gr the laugh into which he sometimes is b

" Seldom he smiles——

And smiles in such a sort, as he disdain'd

Himself—that could be moved to smile at any thing.—"

" A fool and his words are soon parted ;" for so should the proverb run.

Common understandings, like cits in gardening, allow no shades to their picture.

Modesty often passes for errant haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in a horse proceeds from fear.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company.

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature.*

XI. ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

THERE is a young gentleman in my parish, who, on account of his superior equipage, is esteemed universally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. It is frequently hinted, that he is by no means entitled to so splendid an appearance, either by his birth, his station, or his fortune; and that it is of consequence mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondness for exter-

* These were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

nal splendor, he is a most affable and man; and for this reason I am inclined to censure him, when these things are mentioned to his disadvantage.

In the first place, it is by no means certain that dress and equipage are sure signs of pride; if it is joined with a supercilious behavior, it comes then a corroborative testimony. It is not always the case: the refinements of dress and equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the effect of fancy, as the consequence of a desire to surpass and eclipse our equals. A man who thinks that taste has nothing to do here, may find the expression to improper limits; imagination may find its account in the independent of worldly homage and consequently more invidious.

In the warmth of friendship for this gentleman I am sometimes prompted to go further. It is not birth or fortune only that give a claim to a splendid appearance; that is conferred by other qualifications, in which a man is acknowledged to have a share.

I have sometimes urged that remarkable instance of any great degree of merit in learning, arts, or sciences, are a more reasonable authority for a splendid appearance than those which are commonly supposed to be so. That there is something more in this kind of advantages than in rank or wealth will not be denied: and surely there ought to be some proportion observed betwixt the cause and the thing enclosed. The propensity of rich and less people to appear with a splendor upon public occasions, puts one in mind of the country sh

who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. It is not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you see a piece of candle honoured with a crown.

I have generally considered those as privileged people, who are able to support the character they assume. Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage. It is on this account I have sometimes observed with pleasure some noblemen of immense fortune to dress exceeding plain.

If dress be only allowable to persons of family, it may then be considered as a sort of family livery, and Jack the groom may, with equal justice, pride himself upon the gaudy wardrobe his master gives him. Nay more—for a gentleman, before he hires a servant, will require some testimony of his merit; whereas the master challenges his own right to splendor, though possessed of no merit at all.

Upon my present scheme of dress, it may seem to answer some very good purposes: it is then established on the same foundation as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dress were only authorised in men of ingenuity, we should find many aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of the subsequent distinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted; and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat, or a gold snuff-box, as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should

not esteem a man a coxcomb for his dress, till frequent conversation, we discovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to the circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress, till he could give an account of the French authors; and should be versed in all Oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greatest talents may not be able to show it in their dress, on account of their slender income. But here it should be considered that another part of the world would find their equipage so much reduced by a sumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of splendor would distinguish them more than the greater does at present.

What I propose, however, upon the whole, is, that men of merit should be allowed to dress in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they find an expediency in doing so: as a nobleman lays aside his garter, when he sees no valuable consequence in the discovery of his quality.

XII. A CHARACTER.

THERE is an order of persons in the world, whose thoughts never deviate from the common run, whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform, though they were the consequence of instinct. *They* is nothing places these men in a more insignif

point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this stamp, who, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity; their passions, like dull steeds, being the least apt to endanger or misguide them: yet such is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with most discretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greatest impediment.

I was taking a view of Westminster Abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but the same degree of understanding as that I have described.

There had nothing passed in our way thither, beside the customary salutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy upon the present temperature of the weather. On passing over the threshold, he observed, with an air of thoughtfulness, that it was a brave ancient place.

I told him, I thought there was none more suitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the ashes of men that had acquired a greater share of it. On this, he gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem to comprehend me.

Silence ensued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he stood collected in himself, assuring me "there was no sort of excellence could exempt a man from death."

I applauded the justice of his observation; and said, it was not only my present opinion, but had been so for a number of years. "Right," says he,

“and for my own part I seldom love to my remarks upon a subject, till I have been confirmed to me by a long course of experience.”

This last maxim, somewhat beyond its depth, occasioned a silence of some few minutes. The spring had been too much bent to remedy its wonted vigour. We had taken a few turns up and down the left hand aisle, when he caught sight of a monument somewhat more than the rest, and more calculated to make an impression upon an ordinary imagination. As I approached it, it was raised to an ancestor of the Newcastle. “Well,” says he, with an air of surprise, “this is indeed a fine piece of work, but I cannot conceive this finery is of any advantage to the person buried there.” I thought not; and that, under a notion of the deceased, people were frequently imposed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of George Chamberlain; where my friend perceived enough to inform him that he was a prudent physician, when he broke out with a reflection, and as though some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened with attention, till I found him labouring to insinuate that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come.

He had not proceeded many steps from this, when he beckoned to our Ciceroni. “Friend,” pointing with his cane, “how long has this man been dead?” The man set him right in a particular; after which, putting on a wistful countenance, “Well,” says he, “to behold

time flies away ! It is but a small time to look back upon, since he and I met at the Devil. Alas !" continued he, " we shall never do so again : " Indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not ; and immediately took my leave.

This old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country ; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind ; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed, his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartic. But his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a most considerate person. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born ; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflection in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I have heard that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

XIII. AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

It is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where it is most essentially interwoven with religion.

The same credulity, which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason, and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of popish infatuation: a belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even though it were their inclination?

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I go upon a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true *shilling* there had been no counterfeit, it seems

wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here should mean the living person ; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him, that either strikes our senses or our imagination.

Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased ? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination.

Persons, after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the delirium of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations, as they could possibly have been, had their representations struck their senses.

I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps, not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronical, have impressed their object upon the brain ; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted ! imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could have portrayed them ! and how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all !

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions ; and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror,

would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost.—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reason, why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity.

Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government:—is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

Such appears, to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

The reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

They are, I think, never seen by day; and dark-

ness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person ; which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance ?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century : the notion of ghosts has been, together, exploded : a reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them ; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

Most of those, who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects, of enthusiastic imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence ; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

Some few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white horse for a winding-sheet.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it is to keep a strict guard over our passions ; to avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-house ; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

XIV. ON CARDS.—A FRAGMENT.

—We had passed our evening with some certain persons famous for their taste, their learning, and refinement: but, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the rest, had contrived to put themselves upon a level, by introducing a game at cards.

“It is a sign,” said he, “the world is far gone in absurdity, or surely the fashion of cards would be accounted no small one. Is it not surprising that men of sense should submit to join in this idle custom, which appears originally invented to supply its deficiency? But such is the fatality! imperfections give rise to fashions; and are followed by those who do not labour under the defects that introduced them: nor is the hoop the only instance of a fashion invented by those who found their account in it, and afterwards countenanced by others to whose figure it was prejudicial.

“How can men, who value themselves upon their reflections, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?”

I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that acquires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He answered, this might be applicable, provided I could show that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it the profit and the pleasure.

“Cards, if one may guess from their first appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-horse, deserved

their share of commendation. By degrees, men, who came nearest to children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them as a suitable entertainment: others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knot of villains increased the party; who, regardless of that entertainment which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute to robbing on the road, or picking pockets. But men who propose to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult indeed were it to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among persons of character."

"Perhaps," replied I, "your men of wit and fancy may favour this diversion, as giving occasion for the crop of jest and witticism, which naturally enough arises from the names and circumstances of the cards."

He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves.

"In short," says he, "as persons of ability are capable of furnishing out a much more agreeable entertainment; when a gentleman offers me cards, I shall esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy."

I asked how much he had lost? His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and

that to the loss of conversation, for which he have given twenty.

XV. ON HYPOCRISY.

WERE hypocrites to pretend to no uncommonity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters upon the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculed than a much greater in their neighbours. A blemish also presents a clew, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and recesses of their character.

Notwithstanding the evidence of this, how do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as true virtue is neglected! As religion sinks in one, pretence is exalted in the other.

Perhaps, there is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a censorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it, and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in the pursuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, never trod the thorny path, is less inclined to pity those who desert it for the flowery one. He sees the unhappy victim without compunction, and with a kind of triumph; not considering that he is the proper object of compassion, or that his propensity to censure is almost a worse quality than any it can expose.

Clelia was born in England, of Romish parents, about the time of the revolution. She seemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties ; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averse to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Persons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty sued to her ; nor had she any reason to quarrel with love for the shapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object ; and she seemed resolved to pass her days in all the austerities of the most rigid convent. To this purpose she sought out an abbess that presided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a small community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary instances of self-denial. The abbess herself exhibited a person in which chastity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before she went to preside over this little society. Her virtues were indeed such as she thought most convenient to her circumstances : her fasts were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the spleen. She considered the cheapness of house-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. She knew sack-cloth to be cheaper than brocade, and ashes than sweet powder.

Her heart sympathized with every cup that was broken, and she instituted a fast for each domestic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a study, and the greater part of her library consisted

of manuals for fasting days. By these arts, and this way of life, she seemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate desires, as the persons might be supposed to do who were favoured with her smiles or her conversation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted; and after the year of probation, assumed the veil.

Among many others who had solicited her notice, before she became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young physician of great learning and ingenuity. His personal accomplishments were at least equal to those of any of his rivals, and his passion was superior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inspired by fondness, and recommended by person, dress, and equipage, could insinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at the solicitations with which she resolved never to comply, and which she found so difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had assumed the veil, and Leander was the most miserable of mortals. He had not so high an opinion of his fair one's sanctity and zeal, as some other of her admirers; but he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irresistible. His extravagant passion had produced in him a jealousy that was not easily eluded.

“ At regina dolos,—
Quid non sentit Amor ? ”

He had observed his mistress go more frequently to her confessor, a young and blooming ecclesiastic, than was, perhaps, necessary for so much apparent purity, or, as he thought, consistent with it: it was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had *this* effect upon Leander. His suspicions were by

no means lessened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar supplied a confessional chair.

It happened that Leander was brought to the abbess in the capacity of a physician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

She, quite shocked at his appearance, burst out into a sudden rage, inveighing bitterly against his presumption, and calling loudly on the name of the blessed virgin and the holy friar. The convent was, in short, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified, till the good man was called, in order to allay, by suitable applications, the emotions raised by this unexpected interview.

Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communications which passed between Clelia and the friar: this, however, he did not think himself fully warranted to disclose, till an accident of a singular nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample testimony.

The confessor had a favourite spaniel, which he had lost for some time, and was informed at length that he was killed at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at first not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had snapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A physician's advice was thought expedient on the occasion, and Leander was the next physician. He told him, with great frankness, that no prescription he could write, had the sanction of so much experience as immersion in sea water: the friar, therefore, the next day,

set forward upon his journey; while Lea without a mischievous kind of satisfaction the following lines to Clelia :

“ MY CHARMING CLELIA,
 “ THOUGH I yet love you to distraction
 but suspect that you have granted favours
 confessor, which you might, with greater
 have granted to Leander. All I have to
 that amorous intercourses of this nature
 you have enjoyed with Friar Laurence, pre-
 der the like necessity with him of seeking
 in the ocean.

“ Adieu ! LEA

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine
 confusion. To rail was insignificant, and
 her physician was absurd, when she found
 under a necessity of pursuing his advice
 whole society was made acquainted with
 what she was undertaking, and the cause
 were uncharitable to suppose the whole
 under the same constraint with the unhappy
 However, the greater part thought it decorous
 her : some went as her companions, some
 cise, some for amusement, and the abbess
 as guardian of her train, and concerned
 society's misfortunes.

What use Leander made of his discovery
 known. Perhaps, when he had been successful
 banishing the hypocrite, he did not show
 very solicitous in his endeavours to reform
 sinner.

N.B. Written when I went to be dipped
 salt water.

XVI. ON VANITY.

HISTORY preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies, which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers, for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character.—But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be entitled to some excuse, in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who, through an idle vanity, suffers his features to be belied or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may, with great truth, be said to lose his property in the portrait: in like manner, if he encourage the painter to belie his dress,

he seems to transfer his claims to the whose station his assumed trappings are

I remember a bag-piper, whose physique so remarkable and familiar to a club that it was agreed to have his picture their chimney-piece. There was this in the fellow, that he chose always to go though he was daily offered a pair of shoes ever, when the painter had been so exact in this little piece of dress, the fellow often had in the world, the whole produce of his harmony, to have those feet covered in which he so much scorned to cover in the. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his to be eternized in the hands of so much poverty. However, when a person of who adorns himself with trophies to which pretensions to aspire, he should consider as actually telling a lie to posterity.

The absurdity of this is evident, if a man assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, a net, improperly; but station may be adorned with other decorations, as well as these.

But I am driven into this grave discussion perhaps not very important, by my spleen. I this morning saw a fellow in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expense he purchased such a one, would more than ruin him; and another coxcomb, seen as a painter in a velvet chair, who would be surprised at the deference paid him, but offered a cushion.

XVII. AN ADVENTURE.

—— “ Gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ.” ———

is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a man upon a journey, to know the appellations in which it is proper to address those he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him, who would be well directed either as to the length or the tendency of his road, or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim: this will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his countenance, and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance.

I was led into these observations by some solicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books than I can pretend to be in the manners of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of inquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me on my setting out: at length, being something dubious concerning my way, I met a person, whom, from his night-cap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me, to be what we call a gentleman.

farmer ; a sort of subaltern character, in respect of which the world seems not invariably determined : it is, in short, what king Charles the Second esteemed the happiest of all stations ; superior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of constable, and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious decisions of a justice of peace. "Honest man," says I, "be so good as to inform me whether I am in the way to Mirlington ?" He replied, with a sort of surliness, that he knew nothing of the matter ; and turned away with as much disgust as though I had called him rogue or rascal.

I did not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness ; and beside him, walked a girl, in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mistress, I supposed a compliment might not be disagreeable ; and inquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of "Honesty." The fellow (whether to show his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell,) directed me to follow a part of my face (which I was well assured could be no guide to me,) and that other parts would follow of consequence.

The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas, and saluting him by the name of "Sir," desired to obtain some insight into

my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey.

I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sun-dial in his garden. "Friend," says I, "will you tell me what a clock it is?" He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper, as with the confidence I placed in him. The refusal of an answer in this case was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of "Dame;" and withal wished her a good night. But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age: but it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both.

I had by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet farther means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quicksands, by calling a girl "sweetheart," instead of "madam;" and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another, "Forsooth," who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled

by land-floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my left hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my inquiry ; I was, therefore, meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations ; and at last besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of " Honest Friend." He was not, seemingly, so much pleased as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong in the brook, and my late honest friend in laughter at our downfall.

I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse ; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict inquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you on some future occasion : in the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable, but there is also a mind that it can influence.

When you reflect upon this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend * * * *, who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this species of dignity.

Learn to be wise, then, from others' harm, and donot forget to observe decorum on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more, at the close of your epistle, to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one : tender your services with great respect, if you do

t choose to do it with profound veneration. He
ll certainly have no more to do with sincerity-
d truth. Remember,

“ *Male si palperere, recalcitrat.* ”

XVIII. ON MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

WHEN a man of genius does not print, he discovers
maelf by nothing more than by his abilities in
spate. However, let him show solidity in his opi-
ons, together with ease, elegance, and vivacity in
s expressions; yet if an impudent face be found
baffle him, he shall be judged inferior in other
pects: I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed
mpany; for as to select judges, they will form
eir opinions by another scale: with these, a sin-
: epistle, penned with propriety, will more effec-
ally prove his wit, than a hundred defects in his
nversation will demonstrate the reverse.

It is true, there is nothing displays a genius, (I
can a quickness of genius,) more than a dispute;
two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each
ber's lustre. But, perhaps, the odds is much
ainst the man of taste in this particular.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with
od sense, than we find assurance; and impu-
nce, on the other hand, is often the mere effect
downright stupidity. On this account, the man
genius has as much the advantage of his anta-
nist, as a race-horse, carrying a small weight,
s over his rival that bears a larger: modesty,
te the weight to which I allude, not suffering its

owner to exert its real strength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modest man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any restraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But, indeed, this can only happen where it meets with the most ingenuous judges: otherwise a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant side is generally best accommodated.

In order to put these antagonists upon a somewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following instrument, for the sole structure and sale of which I am not without hopes of procuring a patent. What I mean, is an artificial laughter. There are few so little conversant in toys, but must have seen instruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to such perfection, as even to delude the very species: the cuckoo has been mimicked with no less accuracy. Would it not then be an easy matter to represent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itself something artificial, and is not more affected than it is particular? For the convenience of the person that bears it, its dimensions should be so contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not seem feasible, that a laughter of this kind may be brought to answer every purpose of that noise which it resembles? If there be occasion for an expletive, let the owner seek it in his fob; as his antagonist would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good sounding cadence at the close of a common period, it may not be amiss to harmo-

is a sentence by what may be called a finishing stroke. This instrument is so contrived, as to produce all the variety of a human laugh ; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your subject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but the disposition of the company, and the proper note for such an interlude. But to become a master of the said machine, let the candidate for applause frequent the company of vociferous disputants, among whom he may soon learn how to perform a conversation.

One or two of these instruments I have already published, though not indeed to the perfection at which I expect they may soon arrive. A gentleman lent me the other day, who has the justest claim that can be to the use of them, having nothing in his character than can obscure the greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I communicated my intention, desiring him to make a trial of it, on the next occasion. He did so : and when I saw him next, gave me leave to publish the following account of its efficacy in my next advertisement. " The first time I employed it," said my friend, " was in a point of controversy with a beau, who had contrived means, by the use of his snuff-box, to supply both want of language and of thought. In this manner he prolonged his argument ; and really, to the company, which consisted of ladies, discovered more capacity without thinking than I could do by its distance. I bethought myself immediately of your instrument, and had recourse to it. I observed in the last part of his discourse he most employed his finish, and had suddenly recourse to mine, with equal emphasis and significancy. The art was not disco-

vered, ere I had routed my antagonist, having seated myself in a dark corner, where my operations were not discernible. I observed, that as he found himself more closely pressed, he grew more and more assiduous in his application to his snuff-box, much as an otter closely pursued is forced to throw up bubbles that show his distress. I therefore discovered gradually less and less occasion for speaking; and for thinking, none at all: I played only a flourish, in answer to the argument at his fingers' ends; and, after a while, found him as mortal in this part as in any other. When his cause was just expiring, after a very long pursuit, and many fruitless turnings and evasions in the course of it, I sounded my instrument with as much alacrity as a huntsman does his horn on the death of a hare.

"The next whom I engaged was a more formidable disputant; and I own, with a sense of gratitude, that your instrument alone could render me a match for him. His strength of argument was his strength of lungs; and he was, unquestionably, an able antagonist. However, if your machine put me upon a par with him, I think I may say, without vanity, that in point of reason I had the upper hand. I shall only add, that as it was habitual for him to answer arguments by vociferation, so it became needless for me to give him any answer of a better kind."

Thus far my friend. I do not question but there will appear artists, that shall undertake to instruct the diffident, the submissive, and the bashful, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and risible music; and as there is a kind of humorous laughter, which draws all others into its own vortex, I

here assert that I would have this branch inculcated.

er is this instrument of importance in dispute, or controversy; but wherever one man's are more prone to laughter than another's. will burst one man's sides, which will not the features of another; and a laugh one day, is almost as irksome as a lamentation: a peal rung after a wedding, where a parish shall be stunned with noise, because at that occasion to rejoice, which the poorest imagine to be their lot, that occasioned sounds are pleasing to their ears, who find conformable to their own ideas; but those not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a ring repetition.

, therefore, my mind is not in tune with it, what strikes his, will not vibrate on mine: I have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; an operation as artificial as the machine I am describing.

THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO * * * *.

tions of our lives, even those we call most trivial, seem as much subject to trifles as our passions themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves a term of life: it is, however, in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one and prolong the other. It is with mankind as with clock-work engines, whose motion may be stopped

in the midst of its rapidity, by the interposition of straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish, will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don Pedro * * * * was one of the principal *grandees* of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. It was his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened, as he one day sat in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if any natural object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so proper an habitation : he found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the centre : he observed the road, by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work within. He was at once surprised and pleased with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification : and he often would declare

his trivial incident that gave him a relish for study, which he afterwards pursued with such ardour and success.

He spent, in short, so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of doing any part of it, as speculation alone could do him. Nothing was wanted now but practice to complete the fame of his abilities. That, in short,

was his next pursuit. He became desirous of extending what had been so successful in imagination to make those mural sallies, which had terminated there with victory. To this end, he resolved to do, but excite the ambition of his monarch; to enforce, by testimony of his own qualifications for the post he sought; the first delivery of his petition, to obtain an audience from the king.

It happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity; little agreeable to a person eager of action, and furnished with skill, and conscious of ability. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well understood the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular; but he was not acquainted with his secret. That imperious and subtile passion is often predominant when it is least perceived: when

it prevails in any great degree, we and our passions grow subservient; and, instead of checking and correcting, it stoops to flatter and to authorize.

Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in error; and even levels the mounds, and smoothes the declivities, which it is her natural province to oppose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The softness of his taste increased his sensibility, and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind

of man, like the finer parts of man, delicate it is, naturally admits the more visible impressions. The are the soonest apt to take flame. fore, be the more candid to him, on vivacity of his passions, seduced, as into very unwarrantable schemes.

He had, in brief, conceived a project master an universal monarchy. He every article with the utmost labour and intended, within a few days, to project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of a large army on foot ; together with opportunities of raising an immense impossible to answer for the possibility might destroy the hopes of such difficulty often attends the execution most feasible and well contrived in whoever was acquainted with the project, knew the posture of affairs that time, the ambition of the prince circumstances that conspired to fail have thought the project would have to, put in practice, and, without the interpositions of Fortune, been successful. But Fortune did not put her peculiar trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vast designs walking in his fields : he was promising an audience of the king. He himself for a conversation which might much consequence to all mankind ; thoughtfully along, and regardless of

foot happened to stumble, and to overturn an ant's nest. He cast his eyes upon the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spied the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of sentiment to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect upon the consequence. It might be an age to them ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile, to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations: yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings, to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprise, with an eye to such a race of beings: he found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition and vain glory of an ant would to himself. "How ridiculous," he said, "must this republic appear to me, could I discern its actions, as it has probably many that are analogous to those of human nature. Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand: suppose one, that had acquired a few sands more to his portion—as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley-flour—should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord it, uncontrolled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which nature has supplied him, borne aloft by a couple of slaves within the hollow of a husk of wheat, five or six others, at the same time, attending solemnly upon the procession. Suppose, lastly, that among this people, the prime wi-

nister should persuade the rest to levy war upon a neighbouring colony, and this in order to be styled the sovereign of two hillocks, instead of one; while, perhaps, their present condition leaves them nothing to wish, besides superfluities. At the same time, it is in the power of the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay, of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and people all together: this is, doubtless, very ridiculous; yet this is, doubtless, my own case, in respect to many subordinate beings, and very certainly of the Supreme one. Farewell, then, ye air-built citadels! farewell, visions of unsolid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an acceptation, as to degrade his character to a superior species, in proportion as it exalts him before his own."

See here a just conclusion! In short, he found it so fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire; of which whimsical relation it may be well enough observed, that a spider had enslaved the world, had not an ant obstructed his design.

XX. UPON ENVY.

To a Friend, R. G.

WHENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impossible to envy you, although, hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do so? for, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more superfluous, to wish you honours to gratify your ambi-

tion, than to wish you ambition enough to make your honours satisfactory.

It seems a hard case that envy should be the consequence of merit, at the same time that scorn so naturally attends the want of it. It is, however, in some measure, perhaps, an unavoidable, and, perhaps, in some sense, an useful passion in all the most heroic natures; where, refined through certain strainers, it takes the name of emulation. It is a pain arising in our breasts, on contemplation of the superior advantages of another; and its tendency is truly good, under some certain regulations.

All honour, very evidently, depends upon comparison; and consequently, the more numerous are our superiors, the smaller portion of it falls to our share. Considered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants; though, considered absolutely, we are neither. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the use of emulation is to excite our diligence in pursuit of power, for the sake of beneficence. The instances of its perversion are obvious to every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of its own emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person, to please one of this cast, must needs divest himself of all useful qualities; and, in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. We may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men, and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their dis-

content: their disapprobation
fluence every generous bosom in his favour,
would as implicitly give my applause to one whom
they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu wor-
ship those that have been devoured by apes.

It is another perversion of this passion, though of
a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates
us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth.
To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to
pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as bril-
liant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to
vie in jockeyship, or cunning at a bet—these,
and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine
purposes of emulation.

I believe the passion is oftentimes derived from a
too partial view of our own and others' excellences.
We behold a man possessed of some particular ad-
vantage, and we immediately reflect upon its defi-
ciency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what
others we have to balance it. We envy another
man's bodily accomplishments, when our men-
tal ones might preponderate, would we put them in
the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms what
they would change situations altogether, I find
self-love would generally make us prefer our
condition. But if our sentiments remain the same
after such an examination, all we can justly ex-
pect is our own real advancement. To measure
this detriment either in fortune, power, or re-
putation, at the same time that it is infamous, has
a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us
our emulation to points of real worth; to
power, or knowledge, only that we may rival
in beneficence.

XXI. A VISION.

INGENIOUS was the device of those celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, first pretended to divine inspiration. Peace be to their manes; may the turf lie lightly on their breast, and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they, questionless, that a proceeding of this nature must afford an excuse to their modesty, as well as add a weight to their instructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the histories of the best repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to surprising lies. There was, indeed, a necessary degree of credit, previous to this delight: and there was as necessary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But so it was, that the pleasure rose in proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pommel of a sword, a bloated sibyl, or a three-foot stool.

Of all writers that bear any resemblance to these originals, those who approach the nearest, are such as describe their extraordinary dreams and visions. Of ostentation we may not, peradventure, accuse them, who claim to themselves no other than the merit of spectators. Of want of abilities we must not censure them, when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has, in those various figures, which some crafty artist represents thereon.

The first meditation of a solitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. Hapless species, I cried, how very grossly art thou mistaken! how very supine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue, by restraint! how very resolute, when thine age leaves nothing to restrain thee! thou givest a loose to thine inclinations, till they lose their very being; and, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil, are extinguished by indulgence. What folly to dream of virtue, when there is no longer room for self-denial; or, when the enemy expires by sickness, to demand the honour of a triumph! Musing upon this subject, I fell into a profound slumber; and the vision with which it furnished me shall supply materials for this essay.

I was, methought, transported into a winding valley, on each side of whose area, so far as my eye could see, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleasing objects either of art or nature. Hills rose one beyond another, crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contrasted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded spires enlivened even the sunshine; and lonesome ruins, by the side of woods, gave a solemnity to the shade. It would be endless, or rather impossible, to give an idea of the vast variety: it seemed as though people, of whatever inclinations, might here meet with their favourite object.

While I stood amazed, and even confounded, at so astonishing a landscape, an old man approached towards me, and offered his assistance in alleviating my surprise. "You observe," says he, "in the

middle path, a train of sprightly female pilgrims,* conducted by a matron† of a graver cast: she is habited, as you may observe, in a robe far more plain and simple than that of any amidst her followers. It is her province to restrain her pupils, that the objects glittering on each side may not seduce them to make excursions, from which they scarce ever find their right way again. You may not, perhaps, suspect the gulfs and precipices that lie intermixed amidst a scenery so delightful to the eye. You see, indeed, at a considerable distance, the gilt dome of a temple, raised on columns of the whitest marble. I must inform you, that within this temple resides a lady,‡ weaving wreaths of immortal amaranth for that worthy matron, if she exert her authority; and, as their obedience is more or less entire, she has also garlands of inferior lustre to recompense the ladies in her train.

“Your own sagacity,” added he, “will supply the place of farther instructions,” and then vanished in an instant.

The space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges; and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary its degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; so that the journey seemed to be portioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man's life; which may be

* The Passions. † Reason. ‡ Virtue.

distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the first stage, our travellers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way-side; and in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamorously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them, that visibly showed herself the greatest vixen and romp^e amongst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well-meaning governess. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the pupils felt greater attractions in one stage, and some in another; and the scene before them, being well variegated with mossy banks and purling streams, frisking lambs and piping shepherds, inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amorous complexion. She requested to make a short digression; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had, with much con-

• Love.

stancy, opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands; and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline, softened the language of dissent, and, with a gentle reprimand, suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes, that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present, but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reason good she had, considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority.

They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer.

Another now took the lead: and, seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hoodwinked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and confusion. They led their guide along, blindfold, not without proposals of downright murder: they soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few,* who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclinations gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river,

* The Virtuoso-passion.

scooping fossils from the rocks, or preservin that grew in the valley. A moth or butte forded them a chace, and a grub or beetle suitable companion. But to return to the vag

The lady that performed the feat of blind governess, for a time, bore the chief rule, a the rest in a state of servitude.* She set be, indeed, formed for that power and gr which was her delight, being of a stature ably tall, with an air of dignity in her count not but others would sometimes insist upon temporary gratification. As they shaped th to a great city, one † would loll and loit bed of roses; another would join the dance herds, and sometimes retire with one ‡ in covert; a third § would not move a step till she had gathered some ore that was from the mountains. When they entered t their dissipation was yet more observable intoxicated herself with cordials; another in quest of lace and equipage. The lady, ever, at this time the most enterprising, as as I mentioned before, had given such a their affairs, discovered a strange fondness for lawn and ermine, embroidered stars, and collars: however difficult it seemed to reac or how little necessary soever they seemed pineess, these alone engaged her attention; these alone her hopes aspired. Nay, she far, as, in failure of these, to resolve on mis wilful wretchedness.

* Ambition. † Indolence. ‡ Gallantry. § A
| Ebriety. ¶ Pride and Vanity. ** Ambi

She at length succeeded, at least so far as to find how little they enhanced her happiness; and her former compeers, having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; insomuch, that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

She promised to secure them all the happiness that was consistent with her present state, and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

Our travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, repentant, and demissive; the governess, more rigid and imperious than ever: the former, withered, decrepit, languishing; the latter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her a very opposite effect to that it wrought in her companions; she seemed, indeed, no more that easy ductile creature, insulted and borne away by the whims of her companions: she appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous in the execution. In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those whom she conducted, united to make way for her unlimited authority. Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have secured obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects on each side the way: one alone I must except, whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents. The governess represented, in the

strongest terms, that the materials could be imported into the realms they were about to visit, were this even the case, they could be of no importance. However, she had anticipated the bias of this craven dame, and approached the temple to which I forbade her to enter.

The temple stood upon a lofty hill, half covered with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Doric order, the bases gilt, as also the capitals) of glory issued, of such superior lustre, that beside the governess was able to approach indeed, with a dejected countenance, and bow down unto the goddess, who gently waved her hand in the way of salutation.

The matron seemed less dazzled than I was with her excessive beauty. She accosted me with reverence, and, with much diffidence, began to question their pretension to her favour. "For my own part," she said, "I have been too remiss in the beginning of my government; she hoped it would be a lesson to her inexperience in the subtle wiles of her pupils. She flattered herself, that her journey towards the conclusion of her journey in some sort, make atonement for her misbehaviour in the beginning. Lastly, that she should find it impossible to hear the dictates of reason amid the clamours of her pupils, and of their persuasions."

To this the goddess made reply:

"You have heard," said she, "no doubt, that the favours I bestow, are by no means consistent with a state of inactivity. The only time when

allowed an opportunity to deserve them, was the time when your pupils were the most refractory and perverse. The honours you expect in my court are proportioned to the difficulty of a good undertaking. May you, hereafter, partake them, in reward of your more vigorous conduct: for the present, you are little entitled to any recompense from me. As to your pupils, I observe, they have passed sentence upon themselves."

At this instant of time the bell rang for supper, and awakened me. I found the gardener by my side, prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had slumbered away the hours, in which I should have given him suitable directions.

XXII. UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

GARDENING may be divided into three species—kitchen-gardening—parterre-gardening—and landscape, or picturesque-gardening: which latter is the subject intended in the following pages—It consists in pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandeur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no share here, any farther than as it pleases the imagination.

Perhaps the division of the pleasures of imagination, according as they are struck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my present purpose: why each of them affects us with pleasure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutchinson, Gerard, the Theory of Agreeable Sensations, &c.

There seems, however, to be some objects, which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads: a ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us, nor majestic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflection on decayed magnificence: for this reason, an able gardener should avail himself of objects, perhaps, not very striking, if they serve to connect ideas, that convey reflections of the pleasing kind.

Objects should, indeed, be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

It is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable: it is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things in other respects equal. It seems, on some occasions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet, when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus a series of lawn, though ever so beautiful, may satiate and cloy, unless the eye passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

Variety appears to me to derive good part of its effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form or colour, to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in its present object, which affords immediate satisfaction.

Variety, however, in some instances, may be carried to such excess as to lose its whole effect. I have observed ceilings so crammed with stucco ornaments, that, although of the most different kinds,

they have produced an uniformity: a sufficient quantity of undecorated space is necessary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

Ground should first be considered with an eye to its peculiar character: whether it be the grand, the savage, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, one may somewhat strengthen its effect, by allowing every part some denomination, and then supporting its title by suitable appendages: for instance, the lover's walk may have assignation seats, with proper mottoes—urns to faithful lovers—trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

What an advantage must some Italian seats derive from the circumstance of being situate on ground mentioned in the classics? And, even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination: mottoes should allude to it; columns, &c. record it; verses moralize upon it; and curiosity receive its share of pleasure.

In designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wished than required, that the more striking scenes may succeed those which are less so.

Taste depends much upon temper. Some prefer Callus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer; Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains.

This occasions the different preferences that are given to situations: a garden strikes us most where the grand and the pleasing succeed, and intermingle with, each other.

I believe, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I use the words landscape and prospect, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. Prospects should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they be not distinguishable from clouds: yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

Landscape should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvass; and this is no bad test, as I think the landscape painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of balance here; but not so as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form our notions from what we have seen; and though, could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we see of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye should always look rather down upon water: customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr. T * * * 's flat ground betwixt his terrace and his water.

It is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for straight-lined avenues to their houses; straight-lined walks through their woods; and, in short, every kind of straight line; where the foot is to travel over what the eye has done

before : this circumstance is one objection : another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object, tree after tree, for a length of way together : a third is, that this identity is purchased by the loss of that variety, which the natural country supplies every where, in a greater or less degree. To stand still and survey such avenues, may afford some slender satisfaction, through the change derived from perspective ; but to move on continually and find no change of scene in the least attendant on our change of place, must give actual pain to a person of taste. For such an one to be condemned to pass along the famous vista from Moscow to Petersburg ; or that other from Agra to Lahor, in India, must be as disagreeable a sentence, as to be condemned to labour at the galleys. I conceived some idea of the sensation he must feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt lord D * * * 's high-shorn yew hedges, which run exactly parallel at the distance of about ten feet, and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatsoever.

When a building, or other object, has been once viewed from its proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path which the eye has travelled over before : lose the object, and draw nigh obliquely.

The side trees in vistas should be so circumstanced, as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

Ruinated structures appear to derive their power of pleasing from the irregularity of surface, which is variety ; and the latitude they afford the imagination to conceive an enlargement of their di-

mensions, or to recollect any events or circumstances appertaining to their pristine grandeur, *so far as concerns grandeur and solemnity.* The breaks in them should be as bold and abrupt as possible; if mere beauty be aimed at (which, however, is *not* their chief excellence), the waving line, with more easy transitions, will become of greater importance: events relating to them may be simulated by numberless little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and sudden descents are most suitable to castles; and fertile vales, near wood and water, most imitative of the usual situation for abbeys and religious houses: large oaks, in particular, are essential to these latter,

“ Whose branching arms, and reverend height,
Admit a dim religious light.”

A cottage is a pleasing object; partly on account of the variety it may introduce, on account of the tranquillity that seems to reign there, and, perhaps, (I am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature.

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any uneasiness in the examination: sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this disadvantage: they should else never be seen beyond a certain angle: the eye must be easy before it can be pleased.

No mere slope from one side to the other can be agreeable ground: the eye requires a balance, i. e. a degree of uniformity; but this may be otherwise effected, and the rule should be understood with some limitation.

“—Each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

Let us examine what may be said in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope exposes. Might he not seemingly as well object to the disposition of a human face, because it has an eye or cheek that is the very picture of its companion? Or does not Providence, who has observed this regularity in the external structure of our bodies, and disregarded it within, seem to consider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the several parts of them correspond; but it is not the same case with the thorax and the abdomen: I believe one is generally solicitous for a kind of balance in a landscape; and, if I am not mistaken, the painters generally furnish one: a building, for instance, on one side, contrasted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill, on the other. Whence then does this taste proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, and the figure of water, must be sacred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art.

All trees have a character analogous to that of men: oaks are in all respects the perfect image of the manly character: in former times, I should have said; and in present times, I think I am authorized to say, the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity, or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach, nor drops it on his first departure: add to this, its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches.

SHENSTONE'S ESSAYS.

large, branching, aged oak, is, perhaps, the venerable of all inanimate objects. Mans are more solemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if less and ornamented: solemnity is, perhaps, their point, and the situation of them should still cooperate with it. By the way, I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens: though they do not express the finer lines of a human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landscapes, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a statue: a statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landscape; the minuter touches are no more essential to it, than a good landscape painter would esteem them, were he to represent a statue in his picture.

Apparent art, in its proper province, is almost as important as apparent nature: they contrast agreeably, but their provinces ever should be kept distinct.

Some artificial beauties are so dexterously managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; some natural ones so extremely fortunate, that one is ready to swear they are artificial.

Concerning scenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The shape of ground, the site of trees, and the fall of water, are nature's province: whatever thwarts her is treason.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of

art, need have no other reference to nature, than that they afford the *εὐσεμνον* with which the human mind is delighted.

Art should never be allowed to set a foot in the province of nature, otherwise than clandestinely and by night. Whenever she is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromise the difference, night, Gothicism, confusion, and absolute chaos are come again.

To see one's urns, obelisks, and water falls laid open; the nakedness of our beloved mistresses, the Naiads and the Dryads, exposed by that ruffian Winter to universal observation, is a severity scarcely to be supported by the help of blazing hearths, cheerful companions, and a bottle of the most grateful Burgundy.

The works of a person that builds, begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants, begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure than building, which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would, at best, begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumstance that suits our taste, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient, indeed, if they cause our love of life to take root and flourish with them; whereas, the very sameness of our structures will, without the help of dilapidation, serve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a custom in some countries to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

The taste of the citizen, and of the mere peasant, are in all respects the same: the former gilds his balls; paints his stonework and statues white;

plants his trees in lines or circles ; cuts his yew-trees four-square or conic ; or gives them what he can, of the resemblance of birds, or bears, or men ; squirts up his rivulets in jets d'eau ; in short, admires no part of nature, but her ductility ; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expense, or that effects a surprise, because it is unnatural. The peasant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that sublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every scene we see in nature, is either tame and insipid, or compounded of those. It often happens that the same ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty ; or a mixture of each kind : in this case, it remains to be considered in which light they can be rendered most remarkable ; whether as objects of beauty or magnificence : even the temper of the proprietor should not, perhaps, be wholly disregarded ; for certain complexions of soul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However, this should not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of shrubbery, or invest a mountain with a garb of roses : this would be like dressing a giant in a sarsenet gown, or a Saracen's head in a Brussels night-cap. Indeed, the small and circular clumps of firs, which I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I say, a gardener should not do this, any more than a poet should attempt to write of the king of Prussia in the style of Philips. On the other side, what would become of Lesbia's

sparrow, should it be treated in the same language with the anger of Achilles?

Gardeners may be divided into three sorts, the landscape gardener, the parterre gardener, and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our first division of gardens.

I have used the word landscape-gardeners; because, in pursuance of our present taste in gardening, every good painter of landscape appears to me the most proper designer. The misfortune of it is, that these painters are apt to regard the execution of their work, much more than the choice of subject.

The art of distancing and approximating, comes truly within their sphere: the former by the gradual diminution of distinctness and of size; the latter by the reverse. A straight-lined avenue, that is widened in front, and planted there with yew trees, then firs, then with trees more and more fady, till they end in the almond-willow, or silver osier, will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be increased, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than those at the end of the avenue that are more fady.

To distance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different coloured greens—Evergreens are best for all such purposes—Suppose the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. the consequence will be that the imagination immediately allows a space betwixt these circles, and another betwixt the house and them; and as the imagined space is determinate, if your *building* be dim-coloured, it will not appear

inconsiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microscope glass. And on this head, I have known some instances, where, by showing intermediate ground, the distance has appeared less than while a hedge or grove concealed it.

Hedges, appearing as such, are universally bad. They discover art in nature's province.

Trees and hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more sudden and obvious improvement, than a hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in such manner as to mark out the former hedge.

Water should ever appear as an irregular lake or winding stream.

Islands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but lessen grandeur through variety.

It was the wise remark of some sagacious observer, that familiarity is for the most part productive of contempt. Graceless offspring of so amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whose enjoyments must be either checked, or prove destructive of themselves! Our passions are permitted to sip a little pleasure, but are extinguished by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the first impression. Thus, negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty; and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-fashioned gardens.

Art, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize

mize the beauties of nature, but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them; I mean, in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur, which, however, she is allowed to regulate, somewhat clandestinely, upon the following account—Man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present situation, he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabric of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endowed neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give us an universal view, or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated placed in the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible or beautiful: and we might as rationally expect a snail to be satisfied with the beauty of our parterres, slopes, and terraces—or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries, as that man should be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But though art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reason is she authorized to thwart and to oppose her? Why fantastically endeavour to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momen-

tarily dependent upon the soil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry, which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an asterisk, is valued only on account of its natural production: Nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artists. We view with much more satisfaction some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but less visibly, industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silkworm; but we loathe the puny author, when she thinks proper to emerge, and to disgust us with the appearance of so vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the most abject vassal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental; or perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is her interest to be seen as much as possible: and though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her side, will not repay.

A rural scene to me is never perfect without the addition of some kind of building: indeed I have known a scar of rock-work, in great measure, supply the deficiency.

In gardening, it is no small point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by surprise, for instance, by abrupt transition from their contraries—but to lay a stress upon surprise only; for example, on the surprise occasioned by an aha, without including

any nobler purpose—is a symptom of bad taste, and a violent fondness for mere conceit.

Grandeur and beauty are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one as you increase the other. Variety is most akin to the latter, simplicity to the former.

Suppose a large hill varied by art with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rock, chalk-quarries, villages, or farm-houses; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful scene, but much less grand than it was before.

In many instances, it is most eligible to compound your scene of beauty and grandeur. Suppose a magnificent swell arising out of a well-variegated valley; it would be disadvantageous to increase its beauty by means destructive to its magnificence.

There may possibly, but there seldom happens to be any occasion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwise. It is, for the most part, the gardener's business to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

The hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordshire afford a most beautiful scenery, at the time they are in blossom; but the prospect would be really grander, did it consist of simple foliage. For the same reason, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the same in spring. The sprightly green is then obfuscated.

Smoothness and easy transitions are no small ingredient in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the sublime.

Thus a tapering spire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

Many of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to seats, villas, &c. are owing to want of distinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter please; but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

Mr. Addison thought an open unenclosed campaign country formed the best landscape. Somewhat here is to be considered. Large, unvariegated, simple objects, have the best pretensions to sublimity; a large mountain, whose sides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then its beauty is proportionably less.

However, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: and then the picture, whether you choose the grand or beautiful, should be held up at its proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur.

Offensive objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for instance, stubble fallow ground—

XXIII. ON POLITICS.

PERHAPS men of the most different sects and parties very frequently think the same, only vary in their phrase and language. At least, if one examines their first principles, which very often coin-

cide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to consider the rest as nothing more.

-A courtier's dependent is a beggar's dog.

If national reflections are unjust, because there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the same footing?

A government is inexcusable for employing foolish ministers; because they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I fancy, the proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one.

The love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and destructive.

There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior.

The whole mystery of a courtly behaviour seems included in the power of making general favours appear particular ones.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

It seems idle to rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather is not this circumstance an argument in its favour? If one would be employed or amused through life, should

we not make choice of a passion that will keep on long in play?

A sportsman of vivacity will make choice of the game which will prolong his diversion : a fox, tho will support the chace till night, is better game tha a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment.—E.

The submission of Prince Hal to the civil magistrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conquests of Henry the Fifth in France.

The most animated social pleasure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after successful engagement, or in it : I mean by such commanders as have souls equal to their occupation. This, however, seems paradoxical, and requires some explanation.

Resistance to the reigning powers is justifiable upon a conviction that their government is inconsistent with the good of the subject ; that our interposition tends to establish better measures ; and this without a probability of occasioning evils that may overbalance them. But these considerations must never be separated.

People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, because they have fewer natural objects there to employ their attention—or admiration : likewise because one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumstances, I believe the largest cities are the most vicious of all others.

Laws are generally found to be nets of such texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle size are alone entangled in.

Though I have no sort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour to make some distinction between the immorality of its abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My lord Hardwick, in his condemnation speech, remarks, with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worst of crimes ; and in regard to civil societies, I believe there are none but madmen will dispute it. But surely, with regard to conscience, erroneous judgments and ill-grounded convictions may render it some people's duty. Sin does not consist in any deviation from received opinion ; it does not depend upon the understanding, but the will. Now, if it appear that a man's opinion has happened to misplace his duty ; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious desire of indulging his appetites—in short, if his own reason, liable to err, have biased his will, rather than his will any way contributed to bias and deprave his reason—he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none, beside an earthly tribunal.

A person's right to resist, depends upon a conviction, that the government is ill-managed ; that others have more claim to manage it, or will administer it better : that he, by his resistance, can introduce a change to its advantage, and this without any consequential evils that will bear proportion to the said advantage.

Whether this were not in appearance the case of Balmierino, I will not presume to say : how conceived, or from what delusion sprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honest man in other respects, one may guess his behaviour was rather

owing to the misrepresentations of his reason, than to any depravity, perverseness, or disingenuity of his will.

If a person ought heartily to stickle for any cause it should be that of moderation. Moderation should be his party.

XXIV. EGOTISMS.—FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS.

I HATE maritime expressions, similes, and allusions: my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the unnaturalness of shipping, and the great share which art ever claims in that practice.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

May I always have a heart superior, with oeconomy suitable, to my fortune!

Inanimates, toys, utensils, seem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various vicissitudes. I have often viewed my watch, standish, snuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendship, which there are some men who do not deserve:

“Midst many faithless only faithful found!”

I loved Mr. Somerville, because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pification of money.

It is with me in regard to the earth itself, as it is in regard to those that walk upon its surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views

of the country as I walk along; but I insensibly choose to sit where I cannot see two yards before me.

I begin too soon in life to slight the world, more than is consistent with making a figure in it. The "*non est tanti*" of Ovid grows upon me so fast that in a few years I shall have no passion.

I am obliged to the person that speaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who speaks well of me in my absence also. Should I be asked whether I chose to have a person speak well of me when absent or present, I should answer the latter; for were all men to do so, the former would be insignificant.

I feel an avarice of social pleasure, which produces only mortification. I never see a town or city in a map, but I figure to myself many agreeable persons in it, with whom I could wish to be acquainted.

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it: one feels one's self somewhat in the situation of Admiral Hoqler.

It is a miserable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconsistent.

The modern world considers it as a part of politeness, to drop the mention of kindred in all addresses to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and esteem upon a less partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not suffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation: it serves to connect us closer. Wherever I disesteemed, I would abdicate my first-cousin.

Circumlocutory, philosophical obscenity appears to me the most nauseous of all stuff: shall I say it takes away the spirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a *caput mortuum*? or shall I say rather it is a sir—e in an envelope of fine gilt paper, which only raises expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obscenely with a grace, it were downright country-fellows, who use an unaffected language; but even among these, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes before-hand.

There are a sort of people to whom one would allot good wishes and perform good offices; but they are sometimes those, with whom one would by no means share one's time.

I would have all men elevated to as great a height, as they can discover a lustre to the naked eye.

I am surely more inclined, of the two, to pretend a false disdain, than an unreal esteem.

Yet why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into an Hampton-court, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparison.

I do not so much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expense of being so: the generality of mankind being seldom in good humour but whilst they are imposing upon you in some shape or other.

I cannot avoid comparing the ease and freedom I enjoy, to the ease of an old shoe; where a certain degree of shabbiness is joined with the convenience.

Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language, seems half so difficult to me as the language of refusal.

I actually dreamed that somebody told me I must not print my pieces separate; that certain stars would, if single, be hardly conspicuous, which, united in a narrow compass, form a very splendid constellation.

The ways of ballad-singers, and the cries of half-penny pamphlets, appeared so extremely humorous, from my lodgings in Fleet-street, that it gave me pain to observe them without a companion to partake. For, alas! laughter is by no means a solitary entertainment.

Had I a fortune of eight or ten thousand pounds a year, I would, methinks, make myself a neighbourhood. I would first build a village, with a church, and people it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round: I would then, at proper distances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thousand pounds a-piece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency; the house of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant. How plausible, however, this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution.

I think, I have observed universally that the

quarrels of friends in the latter part of never truly reconciled. "*Malè sarta q quicquam coit, et rescinditur;*" a woman's friendship of young persons, as in the barl trees, may be so grown over, as to leave The case is very different in regard to old and old timber. The reason of this may be able from the decline of the social pass the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and towards the latter part of life.

There is nothing, to me, more irksome hear weak and servile people repeat, with tion, every silly speech that falls from a son of rank and fortune. It is "*crambe t*" The nonsense grows more nauseous thr medium of their admiration, and shows th of vulgar tempers, which can consider fi the goddess of wit.

What pleasure it is to pay one's debts! I ber to have heard Sir T. Lyttleton make observation. It seems to flow from a cor of circumstances, each of which is prod pleasure. In the first place, it removes easiness, which a true spirit feels from de and obligation: it affords pleasure to the and therefore gratifies our social affection notes that future confidence, which is so teresting to an honest mind: it opens a of being readily supplied with what we future occasions: it leaves a consciousness own virtue: and it is a measure we kni right, both in point of justice and of ac nomy. Finally, it is a main support of si putation.

It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place: and this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding, should, I think, be as regularly observed, as the distribution of vacant ribbons, upon the death of knights of the garter.

It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a person, whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart; but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge; to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

I have been formerly so silly as to hope, that every servant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. People's characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life; birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men; but yet, it is probable, that from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts: but I know not one,

that has had the least practice, who is not a trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the natural servitude to discard all generous motives of valour, and to point out no other than those animal ones of interest and fear. There are, ever, some exceptions to this rule, which I by my own experience.

XXV. ON DRESS.

DRESS, like writing, should never appear the of too much study and application. On this count, I have seen parts of dress, in them extremely beautiful, which at the same time is the wearer to the character of foppishness and affectation.

A man's dress in the former part of life should rather tend to set off his person, than to exalt his riches, rank, or dignity: in the latter, the reverse.

Extreme elegance in liveries, I mean such as is expressed by the more languid colours, is rather absurd. They ought to be rather grand and genteel; if for no other reason, yet for this elegance may more strongly distinguish the appearance of the gentleman.

It is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are most properly the judges of the men's dress, and the men of that of the ladies.

I think, till thirty, or with some a little less, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the love of the opposite sex.

There are many modes of dress, which the

esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to show the human figure to advantage.

Love can be founded upon nature only, or the appearance of it, for this reason; however a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.

A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person. It may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love:

“ Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
Majestas et Amor.” *Ovid.*

Simplicity can scarce be carried too far, provided it be not so singular as to excite a degree of ridicule. The same caution may be requisite in regard to the value of your dress: though splendour be not necessary, you must remove all appearance of poverty, the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to acknowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. Indeed, I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur of dress for beauty of person.

A person's manner is never easy, whilst he feels a consciousness that he is fine. The country fellow, considered in some lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dressed on Sundays, with a large nosegay in his bosom: it is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his burden frock: it is then he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his apparel.

When a man has run all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining, which can add to his appearance; and this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness of his

own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil; where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator's and reader's imagination.

Methinks, apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay; it otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat unsubstantial; in other words, of a greater desire than ability to make a figure.

Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may increase their own beauty.

I cannot see why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine clothes any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds, flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influences both to seek amusement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendour without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste when a person demands homage on account of finery he exhibits: then it ceases to be taste, commences mere ambition. Yet the world is enough candid to make this essential distinction.

The first instance an officer gives you of his rage, consists in wearing clothes infinitely suiting to his rank.

Men of quality never appear more amiable

when their dress is plain : their birth, rank, title, and its appendages are at best invidious ; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit ; and it was from hence, I presume, that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.

There are certain shapes and physiognomies, of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarce win respect even in the country, though they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth.

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.

Why are perfumes so much decry'd ? When a person, on his approach, diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the ancients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings, " veiled in a cloud of fragrance ?"

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show or equipage ; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

XXVI. ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

FINE writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style.

Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

Instead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their muse, they would act more agreeable to nature and to truth.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

“ Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aquam Viribus”——

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demy-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

There is no word, in the Latin language, that signifies a female friend. “ Amica ” means a mistress; and, perhaps, there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit ?

One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he stoops ; and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him.

The national opinion of a book or treatise is not always right : “ Est ubi peccat.” Milton's “ Para-

dise Lost" is one instance: I mean, the cold reception it met with at first.

Perhaps an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility, sensibility strengthens passion, and passion makes people humourists.

Yet a person of genius is often expected to show more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately gives the denomination of a man of genius.

An actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a musician by playing on a bad instrument.

Poets seem to have fame, in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business, to be respected; too often feared or envied, to be beloved.

Tully ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man, devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer.

One would rather be a stump of laurel than the stump of a church-yard yew tree.

"*Degere more feræ.*" Vanbrugh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miss Hoyden envying the liberty of a greyhound bitch.

There is a certain flimsiness of poetry, which seems expedient in a song.

Dido, as well as Desdemona, seems to have been a mighty admirer of strange achievements:

“ Heu ! quibus ille
Jactatus fatis ! quæ bella exhausta canebat !
Si mihi non,” &c.

This may show that Virgil, Shakspeare, and Shaftesbury, agreed in the same opinion.

It is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friend for the sake of a joke. Candour may discover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the less degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.

People in high, or in distinguished life, ought to have a greater circumspection in regard to their most trivial actions. For instance, I saw Mr. Pope—And what was he doing when you saw him?—Why, to the best of my memory, he was picking his nose.

Even Joe Miller, in his jests, has an eye to poetical justice; he generally gives the victory, or turns the laugh, on the side of merit. No small compliment to mankind!

To say a person writes a good style, is originally as pedantic an expression, as to say he plays a good fiddle.

The first line of Virgil seems to patter like an hail-storm.

“ Tityre, tu patule,” &c.

The vanity and extreme self-love of the French is no where more observable than in their authors; and, among these, in none more than Boileau, who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, though he have removed it from the text for the sake of one ever so much better.

The writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my lord Shaftesbury; then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.

A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

Long periods and short seem analogous to Gothic and modern staircases: the former were of such a size as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter such, that they might command half a dozen.

I think nothing truly poetic, at least no poetry worth composing, that does not strongly affect one's passions: and this is but slenderly effected by fables,

"Incredulus odi."—*Hor.*

A preface very frequently contains such a piece of criticism, as tends to countenance and establish the peculiarities of the piece.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality.

It is obvious to discover that imperfections of one kind have a visible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foresaw that he must have languished in obscurity. The advantages of person are a good deal essential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but also of the ladies.

Pope, I think, never once mentions Prior, Prior speaks so handsomely of Pope in his *One* might imagine that the latter, indebted was to the former for such numberless but should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or paining; in other words, to some modification of fishness.

Virgil never mentions Horace, though it is to him for two very well-natured compliments.

Pope seems to me the most correct writer of Virgil; the greatest genius, only since Dryden.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical subjects.

Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one might naturally enough term the condensation of thought. I think, no other English poet ever brought so much sense into the same number of lines, with so much smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. Let who doubts of this, peruse his "Essay on Criticism" with attention. Perhaps this was a talent which he could not easily have swerved: he could not have sufficiently rarefied his thought to produce that flimsiness which is requisite in ballad or love-song. His "Monsters of Rhetoric" and his translations from Chaucer have some tendency to invalidate this observation.

I durst not have censured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, you say. True. A writer, surrounded with all his fame, engaging with another hardly known, is a man in armour attacking an enemy in his night-gown and slippers.

Pope's religion is often found very advantageous to his descriptive talents, as it is no doubt

lished with the most pompous scenes and ostentatious imagery : for instance,

“ When from the censer clouds of,” &c.

Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success :

“ Die and endow a college or a cat,” &c. &c.

It is an easy kind of beauty : Dryden seems to have borrowed it from Spenser.

Pope has published fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

It is, no doubt, extremely possible to form an English prosody ; but, to a good ear, it were almost superfluous, and, to a bad one, useless ; this last being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit, it may be connected with sound judgment, but is surely never united with taste, which is the life and soul of poetry.

Rhymes, in elegant poetry, should consist of syllables that are long in pronunciation : such as “ are, ear, ire, ore, your ;” in which a nice ear will find more agreeableness than in these, “ gnat, net, knit, knot, nut.”

There is a vast beauty, to me, in using a word of a particular nature in the eighth and ninth syllables of an English verse. I mean, what is virtually a dactyl. For instance,

“ And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains.”

Let any person of an ear substitute “ liquid” instead of watry,” and he will find the disadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our versification,

through a judicious disposition of the pause) seems not enough aware of this beauty.

As to the frequent use of alliteration, it has probably had its day.

It has ever a good effect when the stress of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice most naturally pronounces with an emphasis.

"I nunt et verrus tecum meditare," &c.—*Hor.*

"Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem, &c.—*Virg.*

"O fortunati, quorum jam menia," &c.—*Virg.*

"At regina gravi jamdudum," &c.—*Virg.*

Virgil, whose very metre appears to affect one passions, was a master of this secret.

There are numbers in the world, who do not want sense, to make a figure, so much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon recording their observations, and allowing them the same importance which they do to those which others print.

A good writer cannot, with the utmost study, produce some thoughts, which will flow from a bad one with ease and precipitation. The reverse is also true. A bad writer, &c.

"Great wits have short memories" is a proverb; and, as such, has undoubtedly some foundation in nature. The case seems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumstances, which make no slight impression in every-day minds. But sure it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection of passages, either to illustrate or contrast with any present occasion. It is probably the fate

of a common understanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers : but an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers renders his case the more remarkable, and this explains the mystery.

Prudes allow no quarter to such ladies as have fallen a sacrifice to the gentle passions ; either because themselves, being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other so powerful as to occasion them any difficulty ; or because no one has tempted them to transgress that way themselves. It is the same case with some critics, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers.

It seems with wit and good-nature, "*Utrum horum major accipe.*" Taste and good-nature are universally connected.

Voiture's compliments to ladies are honest on account of their excess.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it ; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.

There is nothing exerts a genius so much as writing plays ; the reason is, that the writer puts himself in the place of every person that speaks.

Perfect characters in a poem make but little better figure than regular hills, perpendicular trees,

uniform rocks, and level sheets of water, in the formation of a landscape. The reason is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety.

Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character, to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve.

A grammarian speaks of first and second person : a poet of Celia and Corydon : a mathematician of A and B : a lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quintessence of pedantry !

Shakspeare makes his very bombast answer his purpose, by the persons he chooses to utter it.

A poet, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good than a poetical reputation : about that era, he begins to discover some other.

The plan of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* appears to me very imperfect : his imagination, though very extensive, yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed, if one considers the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, though, in many respects, exceptionable : his good-nature is visible through every part of his poem : his conjunction of the pagan and Christian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable : much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt, whether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions be not as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous to the

extent of imagination, Spenser, to be sure, expands the last; but then he expands it beyond its due limits. After all, there are many favourite passages in his *Faerie Queene*, which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.

A poet, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

People of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of established writers; not so much upon account of the social pleasure, as the credit of it: the former would induce them to choose persons of less capacities, and tempers more conformable.

Language is to the understanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a person may be superior to another in understanding, that has not an equal dignity of expression; and a man may boast a handsomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

The words "no more" have a singular pathos, reminding us at once of past pleasure, and the future exclusion of it.

Every single observation that is published by a man of genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance, because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas common men publish common things, which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolous writers.

It is providential that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friend's power increases. Affection is of less importance whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders;

and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may try the same law throughout the animal creation.

The time of life when fancy predominates, youth; the season when judgment decides best, age. Poets, therefore, are always, in respect their disposition, younger than other persons; circumstance that gives the latter part of their life some inconsistency. The cool phlegmatic tribe d cover it in the former.

One sometimes meets with instances of great abruptness in writers; but I wonder it is not as more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance, (after Falstaff's disappointment in serving Shallow at court),

“ Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.”
Shakespeare

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation.

“ Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pounds in preparations.”

After the detail of king John's abject submission to the pope's legate:

“ Now John was hated and despised before.”

But, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the Scripture, (conclusion of a chapter in John),

“ Now Barabbas was a robber.”

A poet hurts himself by writing prose; as a ra

horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

The superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them and us to express an affair being in agitation. The former says, "*sur la tapis*;" the latter "upon the anvil." Does it not show also the sincerity and serious face with which we enter upon business, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the most important?

There are two qualities adherent to the most ingenious authors; I do not mean without exception: a decent pride that will admit of no servility, and a sheepish bashfulness that keeps their worth concealed: the "*superbia quæsitæ meritis*," and the "*malus pudor*," of Horace. The one will not suffer them to make advances to the great; the other disguises that merit for which the great would seek out them. Add to these the frequent indolence of speculative tempers.

A poetical genius seems the most elegant of youthful accomplishments; but it is entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, sprightliness of dress, and a blooming aspect, conspire very amicably to their mutual embellishment; but the poetic talent has no more to do with age, than it would avail his grace of Canterbury to have a knack at country dances, or a genius for a catch.

The most obsequious Muses, like the fondest and most willing courtezans, seldom leave us any reason to boast much of their favours.

If you write an original piece, you wonder no one

ever thought of the best of subjects before you; if a translation, of the best of authors.

The ancient poets seem to value themselves greatly upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their contemporaries. Indeed, the circumstance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying some of their vain-glorious prophecies: otherwise, the historians appear more equal to the task of conferring immortality. An history will live, though written ever so indifferently; and is generally less suspected, than the rhetoric of the Muses.

I wonder authors do not discover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory address, than to the title-page. Is it, perhaps, for the sake of an F.R.S. or an LL.D. at the end of it.

It should seem, the many lies discernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the English, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey* a strange idea of the English understanding.

Might not the poem on the Seasons have been rendered more "unh," by giving out the design of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards considering all the varieties of seasons as means aiming at one end?

Critics must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called asses, who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

* Missionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that dislikes them.

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

We want a word to express the "Hospes," or "Hospita," of the ancients; among them, perhaps, the most respectable of all characters, yet with us translated "Host," which we apply also to an lun-keeper. Neither have we any word to express "Amica," as if we thought a woman always was somewhat more or less than a friend.

I know not where any Latin author uses "ignotus," otherwise than as "obscure persons," as the modern phrase implies, "whom nobody knows." Yet it is used differently on Mrs. L * * * 's monument.

The philosopher who considered the world as one vast animal, could esteem himself no other than a louse upon the back of it.

Orators and stage coachmen, when the one wants arguments and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cause and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots.

It is idle to be much assiduous in the perusal of inferior poetry: Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taste in composition, and a person's own imagination should be able to supply the rest.

In the same manner, it is superfluous to pursue inferior degrees of fame: one truly splendid action, or one well-finished composition, includes more than all the results from more trivial performances. I mean this for persons who make fame their only motive.

Very few sentiments are proper to be put in a person's mouth, during the first attack of grief. Every thing disgusts, but mere simplicity; the

Scriptural writers describe their heroes using some such phrase as this: "Alas! my brother O, Absalom, my son! my son!" &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more difficult but at the same time entirely simple.

Angling is literally described by Martial:

" — tremulâ placem deducere setâ."

From "Ictum fœdus" seems to come the English phrase and custom of striking a bargain.

I like Ovid's Amours better than his Epistles there seems a greater variety of natural thought whereas, when one has read the subject of one of his epistles, one foresees what it will produce in the writer of his imagination.

The plan of his Epistles are, for the most part, well designed.—The answers of Sabinus, notwithstanding.

Necessity may be the mother of lucrative invention, but is the death of poetical.

If a person suspects his phrase to be somewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse; let him be much upon his guard against an Englishman's phraseology.

Providence seems altogether impartial in the dispensation which bestows riches upon one and a contempt of riches upon another.

Respect is the general end for which riches, power, place, title, and fame, are implicitly desired. When one is possessed of the end through any one of these means, is it not wholly unphilosophical to covet the remainder?

Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel management of some familiar ideas, seems to have no equal.

discovers an *eloignement* from vulgar phrases much becoming a person of quality. His Sketches should be studied like those of Raphael. His Inquiry is one of the shortest and clearest systems of morality.

The question is, whether you distinguish me, because you have better sense than other people, or whether you seem to have better sense than other people, because you distinguish me.

One feels the same kind of disgust in reading Roman history, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too easily foresee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too seldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conspicuous than in their answers to ambassadors.

There is an important omission in most of our grammar-schools, through which, what we read, either of fabulous or real history, leaves either faint or confused impressions: I mean the neglect of old geographical maps. Were maps of ancient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in use there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the case.

A person of a pedantic turn will spend five years in translating, and contending for the beauties of, a worse poem than he might write in five weeks himself. There seem to be authors who wish to sacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.

Boileau has endeavoured to prove, in one of his admirable satires, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before those of the

brute creation. Oldham has translated him; my lord Rochester has imitated him; and even Mr Pope declares,

“ That, reason raise o'er instinct how you can,
In this 'tis God directs; in that 'tis man.”

Indeed, the Essay on Man abounds with illustrations of this maxim; and it is amazing to find how many plausible reasons may be urged to support it. It seems evident that our itch of reasoning, and spirit of curiosity, precludes more happiness than it can possibly advance. What number of diseases are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We disrelish and deny ourselves cheap and natural gratifications through speculative presciences and doubts about the future. We cannot discover the designs of our Creator: we should learn then of brutes to be easy under our ignorance, and happy in those objects that seem intended, obviously, for our happiness not overlook the flowers of the garden, and foolishly perplex ourselves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I wish but two editions of all books whatsoever one of the simple text, published by a society of able hands; another with the various readings and remarks of the ablest commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our mind with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

If one would think with philosophers, one must converse but little with the vulgar: these, by the very number, will force a person into a fondness of appearance, a love of money, a desire of power

and other plebeian passions : objects which they admire, because they have no share in, and have not learning to supply the place of experience.

Livy, the most elegant and principal of the Roman historians, was, perhaps, as superstitious as the most unlearned plebeian. We see, he never is destitute of appearances, accurately described and solemnly asserted, to support particular events by the interposition of exploded deities. The puerile attention to chicken-feeding in a morning—and then a piece of gravity : “ *Parva sunt hæc, sed parva ista non contemnenda ; majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.*”

It appears from the Roman historians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate : their epithet “ *Felix*” seems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am mistaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an opposite manner : numbers amongst them have been canonized upon the single merit of misfortunes.

How different appears ancient and modern dialogue, on account of superficial subjects upon which we now generally converse ! add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which some kings clog and encumber conversation.

The celebrated boldness of an Eastern metaphor is, I believe, sometimes allowed it for the inconsiderable similitude it bears to its subject.

The style of letters, perhaps, should not rise higher than the style of refined conversation.

Love verses, written without real passion, are often the most nauseous of all conceits : those written from the heart will ever bring to mind

that delightful season of youth, and poetry, and love.

Virgil gives one such excessive pleasure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the most perfect harmony of metre with the most pleasing ideas or images;

" *Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem;*"

And

" *Argentum Pariusve lapis*"———

With a thousand better instances.

Nothing tends so much to produce drunkenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parenthesis in conversation.

Few greater images of impatience, than a general seeing his brave army over-matched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to see his ally approach with forces to his assistance. See Shakspear.

" When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Cast many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers—but he did look in vain."

XXVII. BOOKS, &c.

SIMILES, drawn from odd circumstances and effects strangely accidental, bear a near relation to false wit. The best instance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller :

" He grasp'd at love, and fill'd his hand with bays."

Virgil discovers less wit, and more taste, than any writer in the world—Some instances :

“ — longumque bibebat amorem.”

What Lucretius says of the “ edita doctrinæ sapientûm templa”—“ the temples of philosophers,”—appears in no sense more applicable than to a snug and easy chariot :

“ Dispicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes querere vitæ.”

i. e. from whence you may look down upon foot-passengers, see them wandering on each side you, and pick their way through the dirt :

———— “ seriously
From Learning’s towering height to gaze around,
And see plebeian spirits range below.”

There is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the pause represents the joints of building, which ought in every line and course to have their disposition varied.

The difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taste is chiefly this : the former is negligent what ideas he introduces, so he joins them surprisingly ; the latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and studies simplicity rather than surprise in his manner of introduction.

It may, in some measure, account for the difference of taste in the reading of books, to consider the difference of our ears for music : one is not pleased without a perfect melody of style, be the sense what it will ; another, of no ear for music, gives to sense its full weight, without any deduction on account of harshness.

Harmony of period and melody of style have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of Scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones.

I wonder the ancient mythology never shows Apollo enamoured of Venus, considering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose ; the most harmonious bird, of the fairest and most delightful flower.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites ; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

What is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry : of which instances may be given.

Perhaps, burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly upon the thought, and such as depends more upon the expression : or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above or below their dignity.

The Splendid Shilling of Mr. Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler, are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes : in other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humorous one.

Scenes below verse, merely versified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

Swift, in poetry, deserves a place somewhere be-

twixt Butler and Horace: he has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satires. I believe few people discover less humour in Don Quixote than myself: for beside the general sameness of adventure, whereby it is easy to foresee what he will do on most occasions, it is not so easy to raise a laugh from the wild achievements of a madman: the natural passion, in that case, is pity, with some small portion of mirth at most. Sancho's character is indeed comic; and, were it removed from the romance, would discover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote.

It is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings.

XXVIII. OF MEN AND MANNERS.

THE arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumstances, and catastrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and insignificant. Man is not proud as a species, but as an individual; not, as comparing himself with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableness, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own persons.

It is happy enough that the same vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our constitution, that the one may not survive the other.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

The word Folly is, perhaps, the prettiest word in the language. Amusement and Diversion are good well meaning words; but Pastime is what never should be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away.

Dancing in the rough is one of the most natural expressions of joy, and coincides with jumping. When it is regulated, it is merely, "*cum ratione insanire.*"

A plain, downright, open hearted fellow's conversation is as insipid, says sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amusement of thinking.

The fortunate have many parasites: Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

A man of genius mistaking his talent loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool of being undistinguished.

Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority; envy our uneasiness under it.

What some people term freedom is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

I cannot see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

The ridicule with which some people affect to

triumph over their superiors, is as though the moon under an eclipse should pretend to laugh at the sun.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people in the same light as I do a loaded gun, which may by accident go off and kill one.

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

Many persons, when exalted, assume an insolent humility, who behaved before with an insolent haughtiness.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

Men of fine parts, they say, are often proud; I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act upon an appearance of reason.

It was observed of a most accomplished lady, that she was withal so very modest, that one sometimes thought she neglected the praises of her wit, because she could depend on those of her beauty; at other times, that she slighted those of her beauty, knowing she might rely on those of her wit.

The only difference betwixt wine and ale seems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

It is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableness: I mean when, seeming to wander from the subject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common instance: "I wish it was capable of a precise demonstration how much I esteem, love, and honour

you, beyond all the rich, the gay, the great of this sublunary sphere: but I believe that both divines and laymen will agree that the sublimest and most valuable truths are oftentimes least capable of demonstration."

It is a noble piece of policy that is used in some arbitrary governments (but suitable to none other) to instil it into the minds of the people that their great duke knoweth all things.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

Pride and modesty are sometimes found to unite together in the same character; and the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and water. The worst combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obstructs the good that pride eventually produces: what I mean is, expense.

A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flourishes, put one in mind of a lark's descent to the ground.

People frequently use this expression, "I am inclined to think so and so;" not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

The first part of a newspaper which an ill-natured man examines, is, the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

The chief thing which induces men of sense to use airs of superiority, is the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwise run away with the men of sense's privileges.

To be entirely engrossed by antiquity, and as it were eaten up with rust, is a bad compliment to the present age.

Ask to borrow sixpence of the Muses, and they tell you at present they are out of cash, but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds.

The argument against restraining our passions, because we shall not always have it in our power to satisfy them, is much stronger for their restraint, than it is for their indulgence.

Few men, that would cause respect and distance merely, can say any thing by which their end will be so effectually answered as by silence.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

One may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance for respect upon the road, where respect and convenience so remarkably coincide.

Although a man cannot procure himself a title at ease, he may vary the appellation he goes by, considerably; as, from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Esq. Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, esquire; and this is by a behaviour of reserve, or familiarity.

For a man of genius to condescend in conversation with vulgar people, gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room.

There is nothing more universally prevalent than flattery. Persons, who discover the flatterer, do not always disapprove him, because he imagines himself considerable enough to deserve his applications. It is a tacit sort of compliment, that he

esteems them to be such as it is worth his while to flatter :

“ And when I tell him he hates flattery,
He says he does, being then most flattered.”
Shakspear.

A person has sometimes more public than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their ancestor ; but that of all the world was internal and sincere.

Your plain domestic people, who talk of their humility and home-felt satisfactions, will, in the same breath, discover how much they envy a shining character. How is this consistent ?

“ You are prejudiced,” says Pedanticus ; “ I will not take your word, or your character of that man.”—But the grounds of my prejudice are the source of my accusation.

A proud man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reason is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condescension.

The situation of a king, is so far from being miserable, as pedants term it, that, if a person have magnanimity, it is the happiest I know ; as he has assuredly the most opportunities of distinguishing merit, and conferring obligations.

“ Contemptus dominus splendidior rei.”

A man, a gentleman, evidently appears more considerable by seeming to despise his fortune, than a citizen and mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

What man of sense, for the benefit of coal-mines, could be plagued with colliers' conversation?

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice affords every worthy person in their favour.

Third thoughts often coincide with the first, and are generally the best grounded. We first relish nature and the country; then artificial amusements in the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

While we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree, as to pass an useless and dissipated life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever; fighting, and law-suits, bleeding; at least, evacuation. The latter occasions a dissipation of money; the former of those fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation.

Were a man of pleasure to arrive at the full extent of his several wishes, he must immediately feel himself miserable. It is one species of despair

to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness. His following wish must then be to wish he had some fresh object for his wishes: a strong argument that our minds and bodies were not meant to be for ever active.

find him-
of whose tastes, and
acquainted, would have rendered
friends.

A mere relator of matters of fact, is fit
an evidence in a court of justice.

If a man be of superior dignity to a
woman is surely as much superior to a man
effeminated. Lily's rule in the grammar
enough adjusted this subordination: "7
line is more worthy than the feminine,
minine more worthy than the neuter."

A gentleman of fortune will be often
of taxes; that his estate is inconsiderable
can never make so much of it as the
to imagine. A mere citizen, on the
always aiming to show his riches: so
employs so many hands; he keeps his
house in the country

behaviour, to force him to admire and esteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animosity, by declining a reconciliation: as sir John Falstaff might say, "turning even quarrels to commodity."

It is possible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a priest, to unite a man and woman; but of all associations, the most effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave: they become in a manner incorporate; the former seems so framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may seize and devour him as his proper prey.

The same degree of penetration that shows you another in the wrong, shows him also, in respect to that instance, your inferior: hence the observation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

There is none can baffle men of sense, but fools, on whom they can make no impression.

The regard one shows economy, is like that we show an old aunt, who is to leave us something at last. Our behaviour, on this account, is as much constrained as that

"Of one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grannam."

Shakspear.

Fashion is a great restraint upon your persons of taste and fancy; who would otherwise, in the most trifling instances, be able to distinguish themselves from the vulgar.

A writer, who pretends to polish the human understanding, may beg by the side of Rutter's chariot, who sells a powder for the teeth.

The difference there is betwixt honour and ho-

encompassed with such as are merely richer, keep fine horses, a table, footmen; make a decent figure as rural esquires; yet, after all, discover no more than an every-day plebeian character. These a person of little ambition might envy; but another, of a more extensive one, may, in any kind of circumstances, disregard.

It is with some men as with some horses; what is esteemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was, undoubtedly, the source of that seeming spirit discovered by Tully, in regard to his antagonist M. Antony: he knew he must destroy him, or be destroyed himself.

The same qualities, joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furnish out a highwayman; I mean courage and strong passions: and they may both join in the same expression, though with a meaning somewhat varied—

“ —tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possum
Tollere humo.”

i. e. “ Be promoted or be hanged.”

True honour is to honesty, what the court of chancery is to common law.

Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons, to stand in more awe of him.

A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles.

It is favourable enough on the side of learning, that if an historian mentions a good author, it does not seem absurd to style him a great man; whereas the same phrase would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

It is less wonderful to see a wretched man commence a hero, than a happy one.

A high spirit has often very different and even contrary effects : it sometimes operates no other-wise than like the "*vis inertiae*;" at others, it induces men to bustle, and make their part good among their superiors ; as Mr. Pope says,

"Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns."

It is by no means less forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of those with whom he cannot converse on equal terms : it leads him into solitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may, at least, conceal his inferiority: it is sullen, obstinate, disdainful, haughty, in no less a degree than the other ; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and less citizen-like: sometimes, the other succeeds, and then it is esteemed preferable ; but in case it fail, it not only exposes a person's meanness, but his impatience under it, both of which the reserved spirit is able to disguise—but then, it stands no chance of removing. "*Pudor malus ulcera celat.*"

Every single instance of a friend's insincerity increases our dependence on the efficacy of money: it makes one covet what produces an external respect, when one is disappointed of that which is internal and sincere. This, perhaps, with decaying passions, contributes to render age covetous.

When physicians write of diseases, the prognostics and the diagnostics, the symptoms and the paroxysms, they give one fatal apprehensions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you seem to have no other

difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover : in short, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

One should no more trust to the skill of most apothecaries, than one would ask the opinion of their pestle and mortar ; yet both are useful in their way.

I believe, there was never so reserved a solitary, but felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse of a human figure: the soul, however unconscious of its social bias in a crowd, will, in solitude, feel some attraction towards the first person that we meet.

In courts, the motion of the body is easy, and those of the soul constrained ; in the country, the gestures of the body are constrained, and those of the soul supine and careless.

One may easily enough guard against ambition till five and twenty : it is not ambition's day.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

Perhaps rustics, boors, and esquires, make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landscape.

Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit : they almost vary the species ; yet, as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit.

What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty years ! yet, if estimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick the moment it is hatched.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Fools are very often found united in the strict intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are most closely glued together.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth : There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whenever they determine, they will repent of their termination ; and this, through a propensity human nature, to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

High spirit in man, is like a sword, which though worn to annoy his enemies, yet is of less troublesome in a less degree to his friends : he can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to offend some one or other of the company : it is not properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one.

A miser, if honest, can be only honest bare well.

Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whose alone it is, to give and not receive.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor ; and a extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

A grasshopper is, perhaps, the best device or coat-armour of those who would be thought abominable, agreeable to the Athenian use of them.

Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness.

When a person is so far engaged in a dispute, to wish to get the victory, he ought ever to desist. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

I have sometimes thought the mind so calculated, that a small degree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of pleasure or of pain, beyond which it will not pass, by any impetus whatsoever.

I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others, which we are guilty of ourselves.

A man of thorough sense, scarce admires even any one; but he must be an idiot, that is the admirer of a fool.

It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amusement of the invidious; as a man willingly relinquishes his silver, to save his gold from a highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score of morals; as one would be rather pulled by the hair, than stabbed to the heart.

Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the system of things: were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwise than they do: one ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the stupidity of a man, than of a horse, except it be vincible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwise.

People say, "Do not regard what he says, now he is in liquor." Perhaps, it is the only time he ought to be regarded: "*Aperit præcordia Liber.*"

Patience is the panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?

Wits uniformly exclaim against fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone

they can learn what figure themselves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furnishes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are sure enough to deceive you, either on the favourable or the ill-natured side.

We say, he is a man of sense, who acknowledges the same truths that we do; that he is a man of taste, who allows the same beauties. We consider him as a person of better sense and finer taste, who discerns more truths and more beauties, in conjunction with ourselves; but we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us.

We deal out our genuine esteem to our equals; our affection for those beneath us; and a reluctant sort of respect to those that are above us.

Glory relaxes often, and debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contracts—both to an extreme: simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium.

Persons of new families, do well to make magnificent funerals, sumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a number of servants in rich and ostentatious liveries; and to take every public occasion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their superiority; for so is deference obtained from that quarter:

“ Stupet in titulis et imaginibus.”

One scarce sees how it is possible for a country girl, or a country fellow, to preserve their chastity: they have neither the philosophical pleasure of books, nor the luxurious pleasure of a table, nor the refined amusement of building, planting, drawing, or designing, to divert their imagination from

an object to which they seem continually to stimulate it by provocative illusions : add to this, the health and vigour that are almost peculiar to them.

I am afraid, there are many ladies, who only exchange the pleasures of incontinence for the pleasure they derive from censure : at least, it is no injustice to conclude so, where a person is extravagantly censorious.

Persons of judgment and understanding may be divided into two sorts : those whose judgment is so extensive as to comprehend a great deal ; existences, systems, universals : but, as there are some eyes so constituted as to take in distant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near, so there are other understandings better calculated for the examination of particular objects.

The mind is, at first, an open field, without partitions or enclosures : to make it turn to most account, it is very proper to divide and enclose ; in other words, to sort our observations.

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice ; whereas, a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

It is a point of prudence, when you converse with your inferior, to consider yourself as conversing with his inferior, with whom, no doubt, he may have the same connection that you have with him ; and to be upon your guard accordingly.

How deplorable, then, is a person's condition, when his mind can only be supported by flattery, and his constitution but by cordials ! when the relief of his present complaint undermines its own efficacy, yet increases the occasion for which it is

used! Short is then the duration of our tranquillity or of our lives.

A man is not esteemed ill-natured for any excess of social affection, or an indiscreet profusion of his fortune upon his neighbours, companions, or friends; although the true measure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by selfishness.

If any one's curse can effect damnation, it is not that of the pope, but that of the poor.

People of the finest and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility, of consequence the most lively passions; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools discern the weaknesses which they have in common with themselves, but are not sensible of their excellences, to which they have no pretensions: of course, they are always inclined to dispute the superiority.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste (and, perhaps, it is so more in this age than in any preceding one) and should as much avoid deceit or sinister meanings in discourse, as they would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments, should he die during the dispute.

The man of a towering ambition or a well-regulated taste, has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

Refined sense to a person that is to converse alone with bores, is a manifest inconvenience: as Falstaff says (with some little variation),

"Company, witty company, has been the ruin of me."

If envious people were universally to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will presume, the self-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition :

" Quid statis ? nolint—atqui licet esse beatiss."

If this rule were applied, as it surely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an universal cure for envy :

*" Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret."*—Self-denial.

A person, elevated one degree above the populace, assumes more airs of superiority than one that is raised ten. The reason is somewhat obvious : his superiority is more contestable.

The character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man, seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is there no mismanagement for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and to keep his teeth clean : but the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation, ought to have many improprieties excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good nature would forgive the blunder of a country esquire, who, through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his

spurs in her Brussels apron : on the contrary, the fop (who may, in some sense, use the words of Horace :

“ Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis
in hoc sum”)

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct.

Man, in general, may be considered as a mechanic, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment ; virtue, his repository or collection of instruments ; the goods of fortune as his materials : in proportion as workmen, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The silly censorious are the very “ fel naturæ,” “ the most bitter of all bitter things ;” from the hyssop that grows upon the wall, to the satirist that pisses against it.

I have known a sensible man of opinion, that one should not be solicitous about a wife's understanding : a woman's sense was, with him, a phrase to express a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a husband's happiness. I cannot be of his opinion : I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our sex, so fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs : if so, after honesty of heart, what is there we should so much require ? A wife's beauty will soon decay ; it is doubtful, whether in reality first, or in our own opinion : either of these is enough to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are, then, to seek for something that will retain its novelty ; or, what is equivalent, will change its shape when her per-

son palls by its identity. Fancy and genius bid fairest for this, which have as many shapes as there can happen occasions to exert them. Good nature, I always suppose: the former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preserve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I have known some attorneys of reputable families, and whose original dispositions seemed to have been open and humane: yet, can I scarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the Christian, and even the man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer: they are not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pedants of all mankind.

Reconciliation is the tenderest part either of friendship or of love; the latter more especially, in which the soul is more remarkably softened. Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it were, perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were, imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here discovers a kind of elasticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

Virtue may be considered as the only means of dispensing happiness, in proper portions, to every moment of our time.

To judge whether one has sufficient pleasure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to say, Would you die? Take away, first, the hope of better scenes in this life, the fears of worse in another, and the bodily pain of dying.

The fear of death seems as natural as the sensation of lust or of hunger: the first and last, for the

preservation of the individual ; the other, for the continuation of the species.

It seems obvious, that God, who created the world, intends the happiness and perfection of the system he created. To effect the happiness of the whole, self-love, in its degree, is as requisite as social ; for I am, myself, a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of ascertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of self-love and social. "*Proximus sum egomet mihi.*"—"*Tunica pallio propior.*"—"Charity begins at home." It is so : it ought to be so ; nor is there any inconvenience arises to the public, because it is general. Were this away, the individual must soon perish, and consequently the whole body. A man has, every moment, occasion to exert his self-love, for the sake of self-preservation ; consequently, this ought to be stronger, in order to keep him upon his guard. A sentinel's attention should be greater than that of a soldier on a review.

The social, though alike constant, is not equally intense, because the selfish, being universal, renders the social less essential to the well-being of one's neighbour : in short, the self-love and the social ought to bear such proportion as we find they generally do. If the selfish passion of the rest preponderate, it would be self-destructive, in a few individuals, to be over-socially disposed. If the social one prevails generally, to be of remarkable selfishness, must obstruct the good of society.

Many feel a superfluous uneasiness for want of due attention to the following truth :

We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice

of different pursuits : we choose one, at last, doubt-
 ingly, and with an unconquered hankering after
 the other. We find the scheme which we have
 chosen answer our expectations but indifferently ;
 most worldly projects will : we, therefore, repent
 of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in
 the paths which we decline, and this heightens our
 uneasiness : we might, at least, escape the aggra-
 vation of it. It is not improbable, we had been
 more unhappy, but extremely probable, we had not
 been less so, had we made a different decision :
 this, however, relates to schemes that are neither
 virtuous nor vicious.

"Happy dogs," says a certain splenetic, "our
 footmen and the populace !" "Farewell," says Esop,
 in Vanbrugh, "whom I both envy and despise !" The
 servant meets with hundreds whose conver-
 sation can amuse him, for one that is the least
 qualified to be a companion for his master.

"A person cannot eat his cake and have it," is,
 as lord Shaftesbury observes, a proper answer to
 many splenetic people. But what imports it to be
 in the possession of a cake that you do not eat ?
 "If, then, the cake be made to be eaten," says
 lady L * * *, "better eat it when you are most
 hungry." Poor woman ! she seems to have acted
 by this maxim, but yet could not avoid crying for
 the cake she had eaten.

You should calculate your appearance for the
 place where you reside : one would rather be a
 squire knight in the country, than his honour Mr.
 ch-a-one.

The most consummate selfishness would incline

a person, at his death, to dispose of agreeably to duty, that he may secure in the world to which he is going.

A justice and his clerk is now little a blind man and his dog : the profound of the former, together with the canine and rapacity of the latter, will but rare wanting to vindicate the comparison. ' pal part of the similitude will appear every one ; I mean, that the justice is dependent on his clerk for superior implicit guidance, as the blind fellow that leads him in a string. Add to this offer of a crust will seduce the conducto to drag their masters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by persons, under the same circumstances : Two friends of mine, upon a journey, have strived as to reduce their finances to a pence each : the one, with the genteel air of abundance, gave his to a black, who wished his honour a thousand blessings ; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a that was his patron, offered his to the butler in instance of his gratitude, who with difficulty bore to curse him to his face.

A glass or two of wine extraordinary, a valetudinarian to that warmth of social which had naturally been his lot in a better health.

Deference is the most complicated, the most direct, and the most elegant of all compliments.

Be cautious not to consider a person

superior, merely because he is your superior in the point of assurance : this has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence.

A proper assurance and competent fortune are essential to liberty.

Taste is pursued at a less expense than fashion.

Our time in towns seems short to pass, and long to reflect upon ; in the country, the reverse.

Deference, before company, is the genteest kind of flattery. The flattery of epistles affects one less, as they cannot be shown without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross, though the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.

When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please : but, it appears to me, an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than Tokay.

Though punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendship of some persons that regard them : indeed, it is almost an universal practice to rail at punctilio ; and it seems, in some measure, a consequence of our attachment to French fashions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never caused half the quarrels, that have risen from the freedom of behaviour, which is its opposite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the use of ceremony would be superfluous : but, as the case is, it at least fixes some bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head.

There seem near as many people that want passion, as want reason.

The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship: but money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives.

The state of man is not unlike that of a fish hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line: we flounce, and sport, and vary our situation; but when we would extend our schemes, we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element whensoever he pleases.

The vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves: but they have no idea of your excellences, to which they have no pretensions.

A person is something taller by holding up his head:

A man of sense can be adequately esteemed by none other than a man of sense; a fool by none but a fool: we ought to act upon this principle.

How melancholy is it to travel, late and fatigued upon any ambitious project, on a winter's night and observe the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds: "Some of them," says W * * "as wretched as princes, for aught we know the contrary!"

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one so disgusted with an artful character: we hate the confinement of standing sentinels to our own defence.

To behave with complaisance, where one foresees one must needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

Some persons may, with justice, boast that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old; and that their present knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the smaller ones it encloses.

It is possible to discover in some faces the features nature intended, had she not been somehow thwarted in her operations. Is it not easy to remark the same distortion in some minds? There is a phrase pretty frequent amongst the vulgar, and which they apply to absolute fools—that they have had a rock too much in their cradles. With me it is a most expressive idiom to describe a dislocated understanding; an understanding, for instance, which, like a watch, discovers a multitude of such parts, as appear obviously intended to belong to a system of the greatest perfection; yet which, by some unlucky jumble, falls infinitely short of it.

Is it not the wound our pride sustains by being deceived, that makes us more averse to hypocrites, than to the most audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it seems as much a piece of justice to commend a man for talking more honestly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more dishonestly than he talks. The sum of the whole, however, is, that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence.

A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk, nor, in short, laugh, nor cry, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction!

Independency may be found in comparative well as absolute abundance: I mean, where a son contracts his desires within the limits of fortune.

There are very few persons who do not lose something of their esteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

The silly excuse, that is often drawn from want of time to correspond, becomes no one beside a blunder, with ten or a dozen children dependent on catching end.

One, perhaps, ought to make funerals as sumptuous as possible, or as private; either by obsequies to elude, or by splendour to employ, the attention that it may not be engaged by the most shocking circumstance of our humanity.

It happens, a little unluckily, that the persons who have the most intimate contempt of money are the same that have the strongest appetite for the pleasures it procures.

We are apt to look for those virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some shining exceptions may be made to this rule; in general we may consider their appearance to us in public, as one does our wearing apparel. "Which lord do you wear to-day?" "Why, I think to wear my lord *****; but, as there be little company in the Mall, I will e'en content myself to wear the same noble peer I wore yesterday."

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency

ency, however, ought to be placed at the head of most men's yearly accounts, and a sum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

It is with our judgments as with our eyes : some can see objects at a greater distance more distinctly, at the same time less distinctly than others the objects that are near them.

Notwithstanding the airs men give themselves, I believe no one sees family to more advantage than the persons that have no share in it.

How important is the eye to the appearance of a human face ; the chief index of temper, understanding, health, and love ! What prodigious influence must the same misfortunes have on some persons beyond others ! as the loss of an eye to a mere insolent beauty, without the least philosophy to support herself !

The person least reserved in his censure of another's excess in equipage, is commonly the person who would exhibit the same if it had been within his power ; the source of both being a disregard to decorum. Likewise, he that violently arraigns, or fondly indulges it, agree in considering it a little too seriously.

Amid the most mercenary ages, it is but a secondary sort of admiration that is bestowed upon magnificence.

An order of beauties, as of knights, with a style appropriated to them (as for instance, To the right beautiful lady Such-a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other class, but would, at the same time, be the most invidious of any order that was ever instituted.

The first maxim a child is taught is, that

“ Learning is better than house and land;”

but how little is its influence as he grows up to maturity !

There is somewhat very astonishing in the record of our most celebrated victories : I mean, the small number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were ten thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy's accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that one is apt to disbelieve the historian : all the explanation one can find is, that the gross slaughter is made when one side takes to flight.

A person that is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferior, should reflect, that he has also his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative.

It is impossible for a man of sense to guard against the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclite characters, because he cannot foresee them. A wit-would cannot afford to discard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you : an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder upon such hints as must discompose you.

A man that is solicitous about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution, for the better instruction of his physician.

Ghosts have no more connection with darkness than the mystery of a barber with that of a sur-

geon; yet we find they go together: perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompense, who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather increase the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts: first and third very often coincide. Indeed, second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of showing penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity and more of affectation: this, however, regards principally objects of taste and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators.

“Set a beggar on horse-back, and he'll ride,” is a common proverb, and a real truth. The “novus homo” is an “inexpertus homo,” and consequently must purchase finery, before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed, is perfect ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore; the bent dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are, at length, discovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve the distinction, and is poor. France (by their dispute about trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the antediluvian pedigree of a Welshman? Property either is, or is sure to pur-

SHEENSTONE'S ESSAYS.

use distinction, let the king at arms, or the old
aiden aunt, preach as long as either pleases. It
so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honours
should lie open; all encouragement be allowed to
the members of trade in a trading nation; and as
the nobility find it very expedient to partake of
their profits, so they, in return, should obtain a
share in the other's honours: one would, however,
wish the acquisition of learning was as sure a road
to dignity, as that of riches.

XXIX. ON BOOKS AND WRITERS.

It is often asserted, by pretenders to singular pe-
netration, that the assistance fancy is supposed to
draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chimerical;
that all which the poets have urged on this head,
is absolute rant and enthusiasm, and has no founda-
tion in truth and nature. I am inclined to think
otherwise. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no
benefit from the noblest cordial: but persons of a
phlegmatic constitution have those excellences often
suppressed, of which their imagination is truly
capable, by reason of a lentor, which wine may
naturally remove: it raises low spirits to a pitch
necessary for the exertion of fancy: it confutes the
"Non est tanti," so frequently a maxim with spe-
culative persons: it quickens that ambition, or the
social bias, which makes a person wish to shine
to please. Ask what tradition says of Mr. Addison
conversation? But instances, in point of conversati-
come within every one's observance; why then!

it not be allowed to produce the same effects in writing?

The affected phrases I hate most, are those on which your half-wits found their reputation : such as " pretty trifier, fair plaintiff, lovely architect," &c.

Doctor Young has a surprising knack of bringing thoughts from a distance, from their lurking places, in a moment's time.

There is nothing so disagreeable in works of humour, as an insipid, unsupported vivacity, the very husks of drollery, bottled small beer, a man out-riding his horse, lewdness and impotence, a fiery actor in a phlegmatic scene, an illiterate and stupid preacher discoursing upon Urim and Thummim, and beating the pulpit cushion in such a manner, as though he would make the dust and the truth fly out of it at once.

An editor, or a translator, collects the merits of different writers ; and, forming all into a wreath, bestows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demosthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal (with every name of note he can possibly recall to mind), are given to some ancient scribbler, in whom affectation and the love of novelty disposes him to find out beauties.

Humour and Vanbrugh against wit and Congreve.

The vacant skull of a pedant generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

May not the custom of scraping when we bow, be derived from the ancient custom of throwing their shoes backwards off their feet?

"A bird in the air shall carry the tale, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." Such is also the present phrase, "A little-bird told it me," says nurse.

The preference which some give to Virgil before Homer is often owing to complexion. Some are more formed to enjoy the grand, and others the beautiful; but as for invention and sublimity, the most shining qualities of imagination, there is surely no comparison between them; yet I enjoy Virgil more.

Agreeable ideas rise, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

One reason why the sound is sometimes an echo to the sense, is that the pleasantest objects have often the most harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative cast will read poetry as prose; will only regard the quantum it contains of solid reasoning, just as a clown attacks a dessert, considering it as so much victuals, and regardless of those lively or emblematical decorations, which the cook, for many sleepless nights, has endeavoured to bestow upon it.

Notwithstanding all that Rousseau has advanced so very ingeniously upon plays and players, their profession is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whose means are pleasure, and whose end is virtue: they both alike, for a subsistence, submit themselves to public opinion; and the dis-

honour that has attended the last profession, seems not easily accountable.

As there are evidently words in English poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inserted, have no small beauty on that account, it seems absurd to contract, or print them otherwise than at length.

“ The loose wall tottering o’er the trembling shade.”
Ogilvy’s Day of Judgment.

“ Trembling” has also the force of a dactyle in a less degree, but cannot be written otherwise.

I have sometimes thought Virgil so remarkably musical, that were his lines read to a musician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a person of capacity to give each word its proper accent, he would not fail to distinguish in it all the graces of harmony.

I think, I can observe a peculiar beauty in the addition of a short syllable at the end of a blank verse: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as sure to flatten, which may be discerned in Prior’s translation of Callimachus, viz. —“ the holy victim—Dictæan, hear’st thou—Birth, great Rhea—inferior reptile,” &c. for the translation abounds with them, and is rendered by that means prosaic.

The case is only, prose being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it should be lifted some degrees higher. But in dialogue, the language ought never to leave nature the least out of sight, and especially where pity is to be produced; it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this syllable

occasions. Let me produce a few li from Otway's tragedy of the Unhappy Mi and, in order to form a judgment, let the substitute a word of equal import, but of a less, in the place of the instances I produc instances are numberless, where they far and give an ease to dialogue.)

" Sure my ill fate's upon me."

" Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are

" I never see you now—you have been kinder."

" Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see Castalio—tax him with his falsehood."

" Should you charge rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobb

" When thou art from me, every place is desert

" Surely Paradise is round me,
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's fi
'Till, by attention, he forgot his sorrows."

" Till good men wish him dead—or I offend hi

" And hang upon you like a drowning creatur

" Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetne

" Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake

" I've drank a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wron
When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgotte
May you be happy in a fairer bride,
But none can ever love you, like Monimia."

I should imagine, that, in some or mos examples, a particular degree of tendernes to the supernumerary syllable; yet it requi ear for the disposition of it (for it must n

versal); and, with this, may give, at once, an harmonious flow, a natural ease, an energy, tenderness, and variety to the language.

A man of dry sound judgment attends to the truth of the proposition;—a man of ear and sensibility to the music of the versification: a man of a well regulated taste finds the former more deeply imprinted on him by the judicious management of the latter.

It seems to me, that what are called notes at the bottom of pages, as well as parenthesis in writing, might be generally avoided, without injuring the thread of a discourse. It is true, it might require some address to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more agreeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by such frequent avocations! How much more graceful to play a tune upon one set of keys, with varied stops, than to seek the same variety by an awkward motion from one set to another!

It bears a little hard upon our candour, that “to take to pieces,” in our language, signifies the same as “to expose;” and “to expose,” has a signification, which good-nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology.

The ordinary letters from friend to friend seem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or professions of friendship continually repeated. The established maxim, to correspond with ease, has almost excluded every useful subject: but may not excess of negligence discover affectation, as well as its opposite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate

solidity betwixt a Westphalia ham and a whip syllabub.

I am astonished to remark the defect of ear, which some tolerable harmonious poets discover in their Alexandrines. It seems wonderful that an error so obvious, and so very disgusting to a nice ear, should occur so frequently as the following :

“ What seraph e'er could preach

So choice a lecture as his wondrous virtue's lore ?”

The pause being after the sixth syllable, it is plain the whole emphasis of pronunciation is thrown upon the particle *as*. It seems most amazing to me, that this should be so common a blunder.

“ Simplex munditiis” has been esteemed universally to be a phrase at once very expressive, and of very difficult interpretation; at least, not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that single word “ elegant,” which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one side, as much as it does dirt and rusticity on the other?

The French use the word “ naïve” in such a sense as to be explained by no English word, unless we will submit to restrain ourselves in the application of the word “ sentimental.” It means the language of passion or the heart, in opposition to the language of reflection and the head.

The most frequent mistake that is made, seems to be that of the means for the end; thus riches for happiness, and thus learning for sense. The former of these is hourly observable; and, as to the latter, methinks, this age affords frequent and surprising instances.

It is with real concern, that I observe many persons of true poetical genius endeavouring to quench their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a single spark of it : nor is it uncommon to see an author translate a book, when with half the pains he could write a better : but the translation savours more of learning, and gives room for notes, which exhibit more.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use ; or, if sterling, may require good management, to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

When a nobleman has once conferred any great favour on his inferior, he ought thenceforth to consider, that his requests, his advice, and even his intimations, become commands ; and to propose matters with the utmost tenderness. The person whom he obliges has otherwise lost his freedom :

*“ Hæc ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno :
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium ; nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.”*

The amiable and the severe, Mr. Burke's sublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the passions of love or fear. The best punch depends on a proper mixture of sugar and lemon.

XXX. OF MEN AND MANNERS.

THERE are many persons acquire to themselves a character of insincerity, from what is in truth mere inconstancy : and there are persons of warm, but changeable passions, perhaps the sincerest of any in the very instant they make profession, but the very least to be depended on, through the short duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to ascertain the character of lady Luxborough ;* yet whatever were her principles, I esteem lord Bolingbroke's to have been the same. She seemed in all respects the female lord Bolingbroke.

The principal, if not the only, difference betwixt honesty and honour, seems to lie in their different motives : the object of the latter being reputation ; and of the former, duty.

It is the greatest comfort to the poor, whose ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich must die as well as themselves.

The common people call wit, mirth, and fancy, folly ; fanciful and folliful, they use indiscriminately. It seems to flow from hence, that they consider money as of more importance than the persons who possess it ; and that no conduct is wise, beside what has a tendency to enrich us.

One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

* Sister to lord Bolingbroke : with her the author had enjoyed a literary correspondence.

The trouble occasioned by want of a servant, is so much less than the plague of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes than undergo an excess of anger.

The fund of sensible discourse is limited ; that of jest and badinerie is infinite. In many companies then, where nothing is to be learned, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing : to give and take in the way of raillery.

When a wife or mistress lives as in a jail, the person that confines her lives the life of a jailer.

There seems some analogy betwixt a person's manner in every action of his life.

Lady Luxborough's hand writing was, at the same time, delicate and masculine. Her features, her air, her understanding, her motions, and her sentiments, were the same. Mr. W***, in the same respects, delicate, but not masculine. Mr. G*** rather more delicate than masculine. Mr. J*** rather more masculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three last, extends to their drawing, versification, &c. &c. &c.

Riches deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones ; though the practice is otherwise.

To consume one's time and fortune at once, without pleasure, recompense, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or less fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a symptom less expressive of future judgment and solidity : it seems thoroughly to preclude, not

only depth of penetration, but also delicacy of sentiment. Neither does it seem any way consistent with a sensibility of pleasure, notwithstanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all sorts of pleasure ; but does not allow itself time to be successful in securing any. It is a busy bee, whose whole time passes away in mere flight from flower to flower, without resting upon any a sufficient time to gather honey.

The queen of Sweden declared, " She did not love men as men ; but merely because they were not women." What a spirited piece of satire !

In mixed conversation, or amongst persons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's self in discourse that is neither ingenious nor significant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat serves to pass away the time : but corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted strength, spirit, and flavour.

The making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning loses the chief pleasure of the day : he that give up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Spleen is often little else than obstructed perspiration.

The regard men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes rewarded—in the manner it deserves.

Methinks, all men should meet with a respect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

ng characters are not always the most le ones. The mild radiance of an emerald means less pleasing than the glare of a

ind suffers more by the conflict of contrary, than that of passion and reason : yet, perie truest way to quench one passion is to p another.

nt men should lock up their motives, giving ir intimates a key.

ountry esquire limits his ambition to a pre-e in the knowledge of horses ; that is, of ial that may convey him with credit, ease, ty, the little journeys he has to go. The her directs his ambition to some well-d science, which may, with the same ease, and safety, transport him through every being ; so that he may not be overthrown on, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

fwedde played a good fiddle ; but, nothing with the inconsiderable appellation of a dropped the practice, and is now no cha-

best time to frame an answer to the letters nd, is the moment you receive them : then mth of friendship, and the intelligence re-most forcibly cooperate.

hilosophers and ancient sages, who declaim-st the vanity of all external advantages, an equal degree to have countenanced and ed the mental ones, or they would condemn n example.

iority in wit is more frequently the cause y than superiority of judgment ; as the per-

son that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain than he that wears an useful one.

The person who has a superiority in wit is enabled, by the means of it, to see his superiority: hence a deference expected, and offence taken upon the failure. Add to this, that wit, considered as fancy, renders all the passions more sensible; the love of fame more remarkably so; and you have some sort of reason for the revenge taken by wits upon those who neglect them.

In the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part—in the quarrels of mere acquaintance, it is needless, and perhaps impertinent.

When I have purchased aught by way of mere amusement, your reflection upon the cost not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it so.

“Had I the money those paintings cost,” says Torper, “methinks I would have discovered some better method of disposing of it.” “And in what would you have expended it?” “I would buy some fine horses.” “But you have already what answer your purpose!” “Yes, but I have a particular fancy for a fine horse.” “And have not I, who bought these pictures, the same argument on my side?” The truth is, he who extols his own amusements, and condemns another person’s, unless he does it as they bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find himself at a loss for an argument.

People of real genius have strong passions; people of strong passions have great partialities; such as Mr. Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Persons of slow parts have languid passions, and persons of

id passions have little partiality : they neither nor hate, nor look, nor move, with the energy man of sense : the faults of the former should alanced with their excellences ; and the blameless of the latter should be weighed with their nificancy. Happiness and virtue are, perhaps, rally dispensed with more equality than we are e.

xtreme volatile and sprightly tempers seem insistent with any great enjoyment. There is too a time wasted in the mere transition from one t to another. No room for those deep impres-, which are made alone by the duration of lea, and are quite requisite to any strong sen-, either of pleasure or of pain. The bee to ct honey, or the spider to gather poison, must e some time upon the weed or flower. They se fluids are mere sal volatile, seem rather rful than happy men. The temper above ded is oftener the lot of wits, than of persons of t abilities.

here are no persons more solicitous about the ervation of rank, than those who have no rank l. Observe the humours of a country christen- and you will find no court in Christendom so monious as the quality of Brentford.

ritics will sometimes prefer the faulty state of a position to the improved one, through mere erseness : In like manner, some will extol a on's past conduct, to depreciate his present. se are some of the numerous shifts and machi- ons of envy.

rees afford us the advantage of shade in summer, vell as fuel in winter ; as the same virtue allays

the fervour of intemperate passions in our youth, and serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

The term indecision, in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of irresolution : yet it has a tendency to produce it ; and, like that, has often its original in excessive delicacy and refinement.

Persons of proud yet abject spirits will despise you for those distresses, for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour to befriend you ; a hint to whom only you should disclose, and from whom you should conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from persons of an opposite party.

The sacrificing of our anger to our interest is oftentimes no more than the exchange of a painful passion for a pleasureable.

There are not five in five hundred that pity, but, at the same time, also despise ; a reason that you should be cautious to whom and where you complain. The farthest a prudent man should proceed, in general, is to laugh at some of his own foibles, when this may be a means of removing envy from the more important parts of his character.

Effeminacy of appearance, and an excessive attention to the minuter parts of dress, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, esteemed a symptom of irresolution : but yet, instances are seen to abound in the French nation to the contrary : and in our own, that of lord Mark Kerr was an instance equal to a thousand. A snuff-box hinge, rendered invisible, was an object on which his happiness appeared to turn ; which, however, might be clouded

by a speck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his stocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was shown beyond all contradiction. What shall we say then of Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a poetical vein fraught with the noblest and sublimest images, and of a mind remarkably well stored with the more masculine parts of learning? Here, perhaps, we must remain in suspense—For though taste does not imply manners, so neither does it preclude them; or what hinders, that a man should feel that same delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dress?

If beneficence be not in a person's will, what imports it to mankind that it is ever so much in his power? And yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual blessing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's thesis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the most beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A person that is not merely stupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute passions or the law. The principle of revenge is meant for the security of the individual; and supposing a person has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly strives to make himself remarkable by the perseverance of his resentment. Both these have the same motive to impress a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future: and though he would be more inclined to favour the rash than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to say which of the two has given rise to more dismal consequences. The reason of this partiality may be deduced from

the same original as the preference that is given to downright impudence before hypocrisy. To be cheated into an ill-placed esteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, discovers a contempt for our understanding, and lessens the idea we entertain of ourselves. They hurt our pride more than open violence or undisguised impudence.

King James the First, willing to involve the regal power in mystery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it presumption for a subject to say, "what a king might do in the fulness of his power." This was absurd; but it seems presumption in a man of the world to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness. W*** used to say, it was presumption for him to make conjectures on the occasion. A person of refinement seems to have his pleasures distinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world esteems frivolous, seems essential to his tranquillity.

The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and sometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous: it, in some measure, dissipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a sort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment; and the great solemnity of the hearse, plumes, and escutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminish that of simple grief.

There are some people whom you cannot regard, though they seem desirous to oblige you; nay, even

though they do you actual services. This is the case wherever their sentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a person truly avaricious can never make himself truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and sciences: a person of exquisite sensibility and tenderness, can never be truly pleased with another of no feelings, who can see the most intimate of his friends or kindred expire, without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. These, properly speaking, can be said to feel nothing but the point of a sword; and one could more easily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philosophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate is, with tempers thus different, one should never attempt any close connexion:

*"Lupis et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
Tecum mihi discordia est."*

Yet it may be a point of prudence to show them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propensities. To converse much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own disposition: and to aim at obtaining their applause, would only make your character inconsistent.

There are some people who find a gloomy kind of pleasure in glouting, which could hardly be increased by the satisfaction of having their wishes granted. This is, seemingly, a bad character, and yet often connected with a sense of honour, of conscious merit, with warm gratitude, great sincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

There is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but

SHENSTONE'S ESSAYS.

used. One would not, in them,athomable abyss.

onsequence of gratifying our passions,jects of an indifferent nature, is, thatto proceed with greater violence todother objects ; and so ad infinitum.pocket, an elegant etui ; and gold toin of wishing, and partake the pleasure. I would part with the purchase-ich I have less regard ; but the grati-s wish would generate fifty others,ruinous. See Epictetus ; who, there-) resist the first.

agreeableness are, I fear, too oftenat is, externals affect and captivateere internal worth is wanting to enchone's reason : a most perplexingand no where more remarkable, thana wise man totally enslaved by theason he despises.

whether increasing years do not causefewer people, and to bear with more.ther friendship for the sex does notthe sensual appetite ; and vice versâ.ever knew an instance of great quick-ing joined with great solidity. Theers are seldom or never deep.

ce a rake, and to glory in the charac-at the same time a bad dispositione.

persons who slide insensibly into aadiction. Their first endeavour, uponasserted, is to discover whereinisibly disputed. This, they imagine,

gives an air of great sagacity ; and if they can mingle a jest with contradiction, they think they display great superiority. One should be cautious against the advances of this kind of propensity, which loses us friends, in a matter generally of no consequence.

The solicitude of peers to preserve or to exalt their rank, is esteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition : the care of commoners, on the same subject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

An income for life only seems the best calculated for the circumstances and situation of mortal man : the farther property in an estate increases the difficulty of disengaging our affections from this world, and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a system from which we must be entirely separated :

“ I trust that sinking fund, my life.”—*Pope.*

Surprise quickens enjoyment, and expectation banishes surprise ; this is the simple reason, why few pleasures, that have engrossed our attention previously, ever answer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and causes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object. Thus expectation does not only destroy the advantage of surprise, and so flattens pleasure ; but makes up hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of disappointment.

XXXI. ON RELIGION.

PERHAPS, we should not pray to God "to keep us steadfast in any faith;" but conditionally, that it be a right one.

When a tree is falling, I have seen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it should lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness. I fancy, the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

In regard to church music, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone pipe of an organ? In answer to this, it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as it leaves a good impression upon the mind, favourable to virtue and a religious life.

The rich man, adjoining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but in truth to his own vain-glory; and furnishes it

with luxurious conveniences for prayers that will be never said. The poor man kneels by his bedside, and goes to heaven before him.

I should think, a clergyman might distinguish himself by composing a set of sermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. Against family pride, might be taken from Juvenal's "*Stemmata quid faciunt*," Horace's "*Non quia Mæcenas*," and Marius's speech in Sallust. The text, "Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son?"

2. A sermon upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embellished from the classics, and would be both grateful and serviceable to the common people; as the chief passion from which they suffer, is envy, I believe, misplaced.

3. Another might be calculated for each season of the year; illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence. How idle to forego such fair and peaceable subjects, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election; solving the revelations; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urim and Thummim!

It is a common argument amongst divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die. It is indeed true; but seems an argument of a subordinate kind: the article of death is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the

fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it smoothes the pillow of our death-bed?

It is a question whether the remaining superstitions among the vulgar of the English nation ought wholly to be removed: the notion of a ghost's appearance for the discovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustice; "that what is got over the devil's back will be spent under his belly;" "that cards are the devil's books," &c.

If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their species; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their parents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their offspring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem to be no universal moral sense, and of consequence, none.

It is not now, "We have seen his star in the east," but "We have seen the star on his breast, and are come to worship him."

It is said, I believe justly enough, that crimes appear less heinous to a person that is about committing them, than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word "Religio" amongst the Romans, and the word "Church" among the Christians, seem to have more interpretations than almost any other. "*Malus procidit, eâ religione moti.*"—Livy, p. 1150, vol. ii.—here religion seems to mean prodigy "*Si quis tale sacrum solenne duceret, ne se sine religione et piaculo id omittere posse.*"—Livy, 1157.

it seemingly means impiety; "*placulum*" such an offence as required expiatory sacrifice:

"*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*"

it means superstition, as it does often in *Lullus*.

The pope's wanton excommunications, his capricious pardon of sins, his enormous indulgences, other particulars of like nature, show that every religion may practise cruelty, it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty.

The word Church has these different senses:

A set of people ordained to assist at divine service.

The members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity.

A large piece of building, dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniences for those who meet to worship him.

A body of people, who too frequently harass and oppress the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court. Now readily have all nations been, after having received a proper proportion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in life to the peculiar favour of a just Providence! In this construction, as it is often applied, there is more of presumption than gratitude. In the end, such is the partiality of the human heart, that perhaps, two hostile nations may alike rely on the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence

can itself discover : in the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice : again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than a means of destruction : and, lastly, supposing success to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their desert ; and if not individuals, why must we then suppose it to be the uniform recompense of society ?

It is often given as a reason, why it is incumbent on God Almighty's justice to punish or reward societies in this world, because, hereafter, they cannot be punished or rewarded, on account of their desolation. It is, indeed, true, that human vengeance must act frequently in the gross ; and whenever a government declares war against a foreign society, or finds it needful to chastise any part of its own, must, of necessity, involve some innocent individuals with the guilty : but it does not appear so evident, that an omniscient and omnipotent Being, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and is able to make a distinction in his punishments, will judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscriminate and imperfect laws.

Societies, then, are to be considered as the casual or arbitrary assortments of human institution. To suppose that God Almighty will, by means of punishments, often called judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to suppose that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wisdom : I mean to be understood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, preternatural interpositions of Providence.

In a natural way, the constitution of the universe requires, that the good must often suffer with the bad part of society : but, in regard to judgments upon whole bodies (which we have days appointed to deprecate), let us introduce a case, which may serve to illustrate the improbability.

Societies, I suppose, then, are not divine, but human bundles.

Imagine a man to mix a large quantity of sand and gunpowder ; then parcel out the composition into different heaps, and apply fire to them separately : the fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles ; would by no means consume, here and there, a bundle in the gross, but would affect that part of every portion that was combustible.

It may speciously enough be said, what greater injustice is it to punish a society promiscuously, than to involve an innocent son in the punishment due to a sinful father ? To this I answer, the natural system (which ye need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occasions both the good and bad to suffer many times indiscriminately : but they go much farther—they say, God, as it were, interferes, in opposition to the settled course of things, to punish and include societies in one promiscuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punishments distinct from those which sin entails upon us, he surely would not regulate them by mere human assortments, but would make the juster distinction of good and evil individuals.

Neither do I see why it is so necessary, that societies, either here or hereafter, should be punished as societies. “ The soul that sinneth, it shall die.”

How happy may a lord bishop render a
 at the hour of death, by bestowing on him h
 ing, and giving him assurance of salvation
 the same with regard to religious opinion
 neral; they may be confirmed and establi
 their hearts' content, because they assent ir
 to the opinions of men, who, they think
 know. A person of distinguished parts an
 ing has no such advantages; friendless, w
 solitary, and, through his very situation, ir
 of much assistance: if the rustic's tenor o
 viour approach nearer to the brutes, he also
 to approach nearer to their happiness.

You pray for happiness—consider the s
 or disposition of your mind at the time,
 will find it naturally tends to produce it.

In travelling, one contrives to allow day-l
 the worst part of the road; but in life, he
 is it, that every unhappiness seems united
 the close of our journey! pain, fatigue, a
 of spirits; when spirits are more immedia
 cessary to our support! of which, nothing c
 ply the place beside religion and philosop
 then, the foundation must be laid in me
 and inquiry! at an unmolested season, w
 faculties are strong and vigorous; or the
 will most probably thrown down the sup
 ture.

How is a man said to be guilty of incre
 Are there not sizes of understandings ad
 the different sorts, and, as it were, sizes
 rations?

Conscience is adscititious; I mean, in
 by conviction, which may be well or ill gr

therefore no certain test of truth, but, at most times, a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor.

The attraction of bodies and social affection of minds, seem, in many respects, analogous.

Attractions of either kind are less perspicuous, and less perceptible, through a variety of counter-attractions that diminish their effect. Were two persons to meet in Ispahan, though quite strangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendship, on the single score of their being Englishmen? would they not pass a cheerful evening together over rice and sherbet? In like manner, suppose two or three contemporaries only, to meet on the surface of the globe, amid myriads of persons of all other ages whatsoever, would they not discover a mutual tenderness, even though they had been enemies when living? What, then, remains, but that we revive the memory of such relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? that we are all countrymen, is a consideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a smaller number also. That we are contemporaries, and persons whom future history shall unite, who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits: this, with every other circumstance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, should be brought to mind as much as possible, during our abode upon earth: hereafter, it may be just and requisite to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The best notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation, what the soul is to the body:

"Deus est quodcumque vides, ubicumque moveris."

What is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whose very words are works, and all whose works are wonders?

Prayer is not used to inform, for God is omniscient: not to move compassion, for God is without passions: not to show our gratitude, for God knows our hearts. May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man, though he be silent?

"To honour God, is to conceive right notions of him," says some ancient that I have forgot.

I know not how Mr. Pope's assertion is consistent with the scheme of a particular Providence:

"the Almighty cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws."

What one understands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they pursue their original course, without deviating into such eccentric motions as must immediately tend to the destruction of it. Thus a philosopher is enabled to foretell eclipses with precision; and a stone thrown upward drops uniformly to the ground: thus an injury awakes resentment, and good offices endear to us our benefactor: and it seems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to suppose he at first constituted a system, that stood in no need either of his counteracting or suspending the first laws of motion.

But, after all, the mind remains; and can we show it to be either impossible or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the Divine Being occasions a ruin to fall miraculously, or in direct opposition to the ordinary laws of

nature, upon the head of Chartres; or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whose centre of gravity is unsupported, makes no material difference.

XXXII. ON TASTE.

I BELIEVE that, generally speaking, persons eminent in one branch of taste, have the principles of the rest; and to try this, I have often solicited a stranger to hum a tune, and have seldom failed of success: this, however, does not extend to talents beyond the sphere of taste; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himself born to command a troop of horse.

Mankind, in general, may be divided into persons of understanding and persons of genius; each of which all admit of many subordinate degrees. By persons of understanding, I mean persons of sound judgment, formed for mathematical deductions and clear argumentation; by persons of genius, I would characterize those in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this, whether assisted or not by cultivation.

I have thought that genius and judgment may, in some respects, be represented by a liquid and a lid; the former is, generally speaking, remarkable for its sensibility, but then loses its impression soon; the latter is less susceptible of impression, but retains it longer.

Dividing the world into a hundred parts, I am

apt to believe the calculation might be thus justified :

Pedants	15
Persons of common sense	40
Wits	15
Fools	15
Persons of a wild uncultivated taste	10
Persons of original taste, improved by art	5

There is hardly any thing so uncommon, as true native taste improved by education.

The object of taste is corporeal beauty; for though there is manifestly a *το πρεπον*, a "*paichrum*," an "*honestum*," and "*decorum*," in moral actions; and although a man of taste thus is not virtuous commits a greater violence upon his sentiments than any other person; yet, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is not termed a man of taste, merely because he is a man of virtue.

All beauty may be divided into absolute and relative, and what is compounded of both.

It is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixot insist upon the superiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, demand that of others in favour of her accomplishments. Those of grave and sober sense cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinion which are, in truth, supported by no criterion. Every one, therefore, ought to fix some measure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the subject.

Every thing seems to derive its pretensions

beauty, on account of its colour, smoothness, variety, uniformity, partial resemblance to something else, proportion, or suitableness to the end proposed, some connexion of ideas, or a mixture of all these.

As to the beauty of colours, their present effect seems in proportion to their impulse; and scarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colours.

Resemblances wrought by art; pictures, bustos, statues, please.

Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein, we suppose, homogeneous materials; it is otherwise, in case we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, seems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppose the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requisite in point of respiration, would not the present make of mouths have subjected a man to the name of Bocha Chica?

It is probable, that a clown would require more colour in his Chloe's face, than a courtier.

We may see daily the strange effects of habit in respect of fashion: to what colours or proportions does it not reconcile us!

Conceit is false taste, and very widely different from no taste at all.

Beauty of person should, perhaps, be estimated according to the proportion it bears to such a make and features as are most likely to produce the love of the opposite sex: the look of dignity, the look of wisdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, seem, in some measure, foreign: perhaps, the ap-

pearance of sensibility may be one ingredient, and that of health, another: at least, a cadaverous countenance is the most disgusting in the world.

I know not, if one reason of the different opinions concerning beauty, be not owing to self-love. People are apt to form some criterion from their own persons or possessions: a tall person approves the look of a folio or octavo: a square thick-set man is more delighted with a quarto: this instance, at least, may serve to explain what I intend.

I believe, it sometimes happens, that a person may have what the artists call an ear and an eye, without taste: for instance, a man may, sometimes, have a quickness in distinguishing the similitude or difference of lines and sounds, without any skill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

Taste produces different effects upon different complexions: it consists, as I have often observed, in the appetite and the discernment; then most properly so called, when they are united in equal proportions.

Where the discernment is predominant, a person is pleased with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he sees: where the appetite prevails, he is so much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifested. I frankly own myself to be of this latter class: I love painting and statuary so well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

The reason people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the resemblance it bears to the original, seems no other than that they lay stress on different features in the original, and

this different stress is owing to different complexions of mind.

People, of little or no taste, commend a person for its corpulency: I cannot see, why an excrescence of belly, cheek, or chin, should be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body: through a connexion of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

There seems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the senses; some tunes, some tastes, some visible objects, please at first, and that only; others only by degrees, and then long—(Raspberry Jelly—Green Tea—Alley Croaker—Air in Ariadne—a Baron's Robe—and a Bishop's Lawn :) perhaps, some of these instances may be ill enough chosen, but the thing is true.

Tunes, with words, please me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are assigned. Scotch tunes often end high: their language does the same.

To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine: I presume, the most regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features, is, at the same time, the most healthful one; the fittest to perform the functions and operations of the body: if so, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form—health is beauty, and the most perfect health is the most perfect beauty. To have recourse to experience: the most sickly and cadaverous countenance is the least provocative to love, or, rather the most inconsistent with it: a florid look, to appear beautiful, must be the bloom of health, *and not the glow of a fever.*

ever taste prevails, a want of prudence
utter disregard to money.

Taste (or a just relish of beauty) distinguishes us from the brute creation, as intellect, or reason. We do not find that any sensation of this sort : a bull is gone for love of sex in general, without the least chance of any distinction in favour of the beautiful individual. Accordingly, men devote are, in a great measure, indifferent to a complexion, feature, and find a difference sufficient to excite their passion in all. It is not thus where there is a taste either accurate or erroneous. The person of taste requires real beauty in the object of passion ; and the person of bad taste requires which he substitutes in the place of beauty.

Persons of taste, it has been asserted

ture, they are apt enough to allow an unreasonable advantage to the former: on the other hand, a more phlegmatic character may, with no greater self-denial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave the merely sensual indulgences; and let us consider the man of taste in regard to points of *meum* and *tuum*; in regard to the virtues of forgiveness; in regard to charity, compassion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taste the glorious triumph which it deserves.

There is a kind of counter-taste, founded on surprise and curiosity, which maintains a sort of rivalry with the true, and may be expressed by the name *Concetto*. Such is the fondness of some persons for a knife-haft made from the royal oak, or a tobacco-stopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakespeare's own planting: it gratifies an empty curiosity. Such is the casual resemblance of Apollo and the nine Muses in a piece of agate, a dog expressed in feathers, or a woodcock in mohair: they serve to give surprise. But a just fancy will no more esteem a picture because it proves to be produced by shells, than a writer would prefer a pen because a person made it with his toes. In all such cases, difficulty should not be allowed to give a casting weight, nor a needle be considered as a painter's instrument, when he is so much better furnished with a pencil.

Perhaps no print, or even painting, is capable of producing a figure answerable to the idea which poetry or history has given us of great men; a Cicero, for instance, a Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The same, perhaps, is true of the gran-

deur of some ancient buildings : and the reason is, that the effects of a pencil are distinct and limited, whereas the descriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate ; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indistinctness of outline is one source of the sublime,

What an absurdity is it, in framing even prints, to suffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground, destroying half the relieve the lights are intended to produce ! Frames ought to contrast with paintings, or to appear as distinct as possible ; for which reason, frames of wood inlaid, or otherwise variegated with colours, are less suitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the best contrast with colour.

The peculiar expression in some portraits is owing to the greater or less manifestation of the soul in some of the features.

There is, perhaps, a sublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, exclusive of any particular expression of the soul ; or, at least, not expressive of any other than a tame dispassionate one. We see often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almost totally unanimated by any discovery of the temper or understanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the strong expression of sagacity and generosity, concur in one face, the features are irresistible. But even here it is to be observed, that a sympathy has a prodigious bias : thus, a pensive sort of beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a spectator of the pensive cast ; and so of the rest.

The soul appears to me to discover herself most

in the mouth and eyes; with this difference; that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.

Is a portrait, supposing it as like as can be to the person for whom it is drawn, a more or less beautiful object than the original face? I should think, a perfect face must be much more pleasing than any representation of it, and a set of ugly features much more ugly than the most exact resemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of shades, but not equal the force of real relievó; on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminished, but, surely, never can be the interest of good ones.

Softness of manner seems to be in painting, what smoothness of syllables is in language, affecting the sense of sight or hearing, previous to any correspondent passion.

The "Theory of Agreeable Sensations" founds them upon the greatest activity or exercise an object occasions to the senses, without proceeding to fatigue. Violent contrasts are upon the footing of roughness or inequality: harmony or similitude, on the other hand, are somewhat congenial to smoothness. In other words, these two recommend themselves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of rest: a medium, therefore, may be most agreeable to the generality.

A harmony in colours seems as requisite, as a variety of lines seems necessary to the pleasure we expect from outward forms: the lines, indeed, should be well varied; but yet the opposite sides of any thing should show a balance, or an appear-

gives more than what is necessary, and
a discerning choice to what is preferal
The same in objects of sight. On the
they cannot have a proper feeling of
harmony, without a power of discrimi
notes and proportions on which harmon
so fully depend.

What is said, in a treatise lately p
beauty's being more common than del
seemingly with excellent reason), may
for virtue's being more common than v

Quere, Whether beauty do not requi
an opposition of lines, as it does a ha
lours ?

The passion for antiquity, as such, se
measure, opposite to the taste for beau
tion : it is rather the foible of a lazy
nimous disposition, looking back and

agendum," is the least applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian, who, instead of endeavouring to improve or to excel, contents himself, perhaps, with discovering the very name of a first inventor, or with tracing back an art that is flourishing, to the very first source of its original deformity.

I have heard it claimed by adepts in music, that the pleasure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared to what they feel themselves from the most perfect composition. The state of the question may be best explained by a recourse to objects that are analogous. Is a country fellow less struck with beauty, than a philosopher or an anatomist, who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely, no. On the other hand, an attention to the effect—they may, indeed, feel a pleasure of another sort—the faculty of reason may obtain some kind of balance, for what the more sensible faculty of the imagination loses.

I am much inclined to suppose our ideas of beauty depend greatly upon habit: what I mean is, upon the familiarity with objects which we happen to have seen since we came into the world. Our taste for uniformity, from what we have observed in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beast, a bird, or insect, &c.—our taste for regularity from what is within our power to observe in the several perfections of the whole system.

A landscape, for instance, is always irregular, and to use regularity in painting or gardening, would make our work unnatural and disagreeable: thus we allow beauty to the different, and almost *opposite proportions of all animals.*

There is, I think, a beauty in some forms, independent of any use to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be resolved into smoothness of surface, with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehensible without much difficulty.

As to the dignity of colours, quere, whether those that affect the eye most forcibly, for instance, scarlet, may not claim the first place, allowing their beauty to cloy soonest; and other colours, the next, according to their impulse, allowing them to produce a more durable pleasure?

It may be convenient to divide beauty into the absolute and relative. Absolute is that above-mentioned; relative is that by which an object pleases, through the relation it bears to some other.

Our taste of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This seems to occasion the different opinions that prevail concerning it. For instance, a foreign eye esteems those features and dresses handsome, which we think deformed.

Is it not then likely that those who have seen most objects throughout the universe, "*cæteris paribus*," will be the most impartial judges; because they will judge truest of the general proportion which was intended by the Creator, and is best.

The beauty of most objects is partly of the absolute and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has some beauty dependent on its variety and smoothness, which I would call absolute; it has also a relative beauty, dependent on its taperness and foliage, which, authors say, was first copied from the leaves of plants, and the shape of a tree.

7

Uniformity should, perhaps, be added as another source of absolute beauty (when it appears in one single object.) I do not know any other reason, but that it renders the whole more easily comprehended. It seems that nature herself considers it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to please the sight; which is rarely the case of the internal, that are not seen.

Hutchinson determines absolute beauty to depend on this and on variety, and says it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a square, and a square a figure of unequal sides; but carry variety to an extreme, and it loses its effect. For instance, multiply the number of angles, till the mind loses the uniformity of parts, and the figure is less pleasing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be said to be robbed of its variety.

But, amidst all these eulogiums of variety, it is proper to observe, that novelty sometimes requires a little abatement: I mean, that some degree of familiarity introduces a discovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty: this is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of some tunes, and the flavour of some dishes. In short, it requires some familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another.

Variety, in the same object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation (which is the case in foliage, bustos, basso-relievos, painting), requires uniformity. For instance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal sides, which is at once various and disagreeable.

INDEX.

<i>No.</i>	<i>Page</i>
I. On Publications	3
II. On the Test of popular Opinion	6
III. On allowing Merit in others	8
IV. The Impromptu	10
V. A Humourist	13
VI. The Hermit (in the manner of Cambray)	17
VII. On Distinctions, Orders, and Dignities	24
VIII. On the same subject.	27
IX. A Character	30
X. On Reserve.—A Fragment	32
XI. On External Figure	37
XII. A Character	40
XIII. An Opinion of Ghosts.	44
XIV. On Cards.—A Fragment	48
XV. On Hypocrisy	50
XVI. On Vanity	55
XVII. An Adventure	57
XVIII. On Modesty and Impudence	61
XIX. The History of Don Pedro * * *	65
XX. Upon Envy. To a Friend, R. G.	70
XXI. A Vision	73
XXII. Unconnected Thoughts on Gardening	81
XXIII. On Politics	96
XXIV. Egotisms, from my own Sensations	100
XXV. On Dress	106
XXVI. On Writing and Books	109
XXVII. Books, &c.	128
XXVIII. Of Men and Manners	131
XXIX. On Books and Writers	162
XXX. Of Men and Manners	170
XXXI. On Religion	182
XXXII. On Taste	191

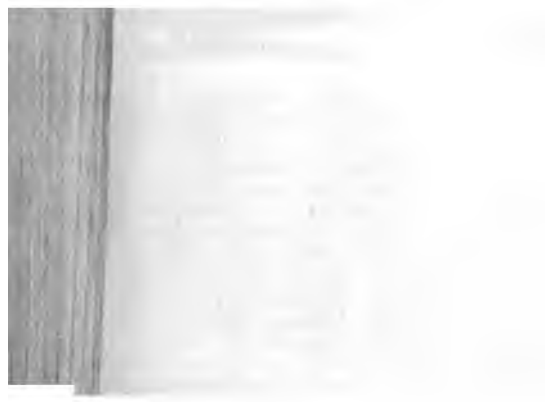
THE END.

T. Davison, Printer, Whitefriars.



7

[REDACTED]



[REDACTED]

**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIB
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances
taken from the Building**

23 1512

EP 30 1915

13 1915

114

1

1144

